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NO. 48

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[illegible]—J. P. S. Gobin.
[illegible]—James S. Beacom.
[illegible]—Levi G. McCauley.
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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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H. M. [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. [illegible], Scribe.

[illegible] REBEKAH LODGE, No. [illegible], I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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[illegible] B. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible], meets [illegible] and fourth Wednesdays of each month, [illegible] Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
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[illegible]—J. HENRY MCCANDLESS, Rector. [illegible] every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. [illegible] service at [illegible] a. m., except on first Sunday [illegible] month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

[illegible] Chapel.—East Smethport. J. HENRY MCCANDLESS, Rector. [illegible] every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. [illegible] The Ladies' Guild meets [illegible]

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[illegible] Lutheran—P. E. NORD[illegible] every alternate Sunday [illegible] and evening services at [illegible] school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. [illegible] services every alternate Tuesday at 8 [illegible]

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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER XI.

Righteousness shall go before him and shall set us in the way of his steps.

The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the job."

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming toward them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want"—

The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it, and his companion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the footsteps passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No; the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"

"No; don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon"—

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up if"—

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other. "We're on the road to hell, though that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help"— The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes; I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood.

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rang your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck 1. The man had put on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the other.

"More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late."

"No!" said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want, but he wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to him." And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said, and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both, "if you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you, but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life. Come! Be men! Make another try for it, God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that smote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, sunken men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The bishop rose.

"Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement, it was after 2 o'clock. The bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illuminated with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the settlement.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began his marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a beer sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened, and a man came out. At the same time two more went in. A strong odor of beer floated up to Burns as he stood on the steps of the settlement. He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step just below. He took another step down, still sweeping. The sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on the sidewalk just below him, and the odor of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of it farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God," he cried, "if the bishop would only come back!" The bishop had gone out with Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was no one about the settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to go down them. He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the settlement and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid, and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him stealthily. The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept out into the cold air, and he took another step toward the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, panting with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop kneeled by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that they arose, and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child, and the bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it means to walk in his steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff? The bishop was out on the porch. The air of the whole city seemed to be impregnated with the odor of beer. "How long, O God, how long?" the bishop prayed.

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the bishop asked.

"No; I haven't taken time for it. I will now if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the churches or politics. What power can ever remove it?"

"God will do it in time, as he removed slavery," replied the bishop gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.

Two days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to see him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted.

"I called to see you about that property next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to rent that property for a saloon?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous.

The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there, a picture of business activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I took the pledge that morning with the others?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. That saloon property has been the temptation of the devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have, and yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think how I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that he would never rent property for such a purpose. There is no need, dear doctor, for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away, but it was a long time afterward that he learned all the truth about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the history that belonged to Nazareth Avenue church since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctioned the Christlike pledge. Not even the bishop and Dr. Bruce, moving as they now did in the very presence itself of divine impulses, knew yet that over the whole sinful city the Spirit was brooding with mighty eagerness, waiting for the disciples to arise to the call of sacrifice and suffering, touching hearts long dull and cold, making business men and money makers uneasy in their absorption by the one great struggle for more wealth and stirring through the church as never in all the city's history the church had been moved. The bishop and Dr. Bruce had already seen some wonderful things in their brief life at the settlement. They were to see far greater soon, more astonishing revelations of the Divine power than they had supposed possible in this age of the world.

Within a month the saloon next the settlement was closed. The saloon keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whisky men, but offered the use of the building to the bishop and Dr. Bruce for the settlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned. One of the most important of these was the pure food department suggested by Felicia. It was not a month after Clayton turned the saloon property over to the settlement that Felicia found herself installed in the very room where souls had been lost as head of a department not only of cooking, but of a course of housekeeping for girls who wished to go out to service. She was now a resident of the settlement and found a home with Mrs. Bruce and the other young women from the city who were residents. Martha, the violinist, remained at the place where the bishop had first discovered the two girls and came over to the settlement certain evenings to give lessons in music.

"Felicia, tell us your plan in full now," said the bishop one evening when, in a rare interval of rest from the great pressure of work, he, with Dr. Bruce and Felicia, had come in from the other building.

"Well, I have long thought of the hired girl problem," said Felicia, with an air of wisdom that made Mrs. Bruce smile as she looked at the enthusiastic, vital beauty of this young girl, transformed into a new creature by the promise she had made to live the Christlike life, "and I have reached certain conclusions in regard to it that you men are not yet able to fathom, but Mrs. Bruce here will understand me."

"We acknowledge our infancy, Felicia. Go on," said the bishop humbly.

"Then this is what I propose to do: The old saloon building is large enough to arrange into a suit of rooms that will represent an ordinary house. My plan is to have it so arranged and then teach housekeeping and cooking to girls who will afterward go out to service. The course will be six months long. In that time I will teach plain cooking, neatness, quickness and a love of good work."

"Hold on, Felicia!" the bishop interrupted. "This is not an age of miracles."

"Then I will make it one," replied Felicia. "I know this seems like an impossibility, but I want to try it. I know a score of girls already who will take the course, and if we can once establish something like an esprit de corps among the girls themselves I am sure it will be of great value to them. I know already that the pure food is working a revolution in many families."

"Felicia, if you can accomplish half of what you propose to do, it will bless this whole community," said Mrs. Bruce. "I don't see how you can do it, but I say 'God bless you!' as you try."

"So say we all!" cried Dr. Bruce and the bishop, and Felicia plunged into the working out of her plan with the enthusiasm of her discipleship, which every day grew more and more practical and serviceable.

It must be said here that Felicia's plan succeeded beyond all expectations. She developed wonderful powers of persuasion and taught her girls with astonishing rapidity to do all sorts of housework. In time the graduates of Felicia's cooking school came to be prized by housekeepers all over the city. But that is anticipating our story. The history of the settlement has never yet been written. When it is, Felicia's part will be found of very great importance.

The depth of winter found Chicago presenting, as every great city of the world presents, to the eyes of Christendom that marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard winter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, receptions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, gayeties; never had the opera and the theater been so crowded with fashionable audiences; never had there been such a lavish display of jewels and fine dresses and equipages, and, on the other hand, never had the deep want and suffering been so cruel, so sharp, so murderous; never had the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighborhood of the settlement; never had the pressure for food and fuel and clothes been so urgently thrust up against the people of the city in their most importunate and ghastly form.

Night after night the bishop and Dr. Bruce, with their helpers, went out and helped to save men and women and children from the torture of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities and the benevolent associations, but the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work. Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go itself to the suffering and give itself with its gift in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money who would not think of giving themselves, and the money they gave did not represent any real sacrifice because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this following Jesus? Was this going with him all the way? He had been to many members of his own wealthy and aristocratic congregation and was appalled to find how few men and women of that luxurious class in the churches would really suffer any genuine inconvenience for the sake of suffering humanity.

Is charity the giving of wornout garments? Is it a ten dollar bill given to a paid visitor or secretary of some benevolent organization in the church? Shall the man never go and give his gift himself? Shall the woman never deny herself her reception or her party or her musical and go and actually touch the foul, sinful sore of diseased humanity as it festers in the great metropolis? Shall charity be conveniently and easily done through some organization? Is it possible to organize the affections so that love shall work disagreeable things by proxy?

All this the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy, but he burned and fought within over the shifting of personal love by the many upon the hearts of the few. And still, silently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the church upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease loving members, who shunned the terrors of the social problem as they would shun a contagious disease.

This fact was impressed upon the bishop and the settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the bishop that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

The breakfast hour at the settlement was the one hour in the day when the whole resident family found a little breathing space to fellowship together. It was an hour of relaxation. There was a great deal of good natured repartee and much real wit and enjoyable fun at this hour. The bishop told his best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the atmosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the bishop often said that the faculty of humor was as God given as any other, and in his own case it was the only safety valve he had for the tremendous pressure put upon him.

This particular morning the bishop was reading extracts from a morning paper for the benefit of the others. Suddenly he paused, and his face instantly grew stern and sad. The rest looked up, and a hush fell over the table.

"Shot and killed while taking a lump of coal from a car. His family was freezing, and he had had no work for six months. His six children and a wife all packed into a cabin with three rooms on the west side. One child wrapped in rags in a closet."

These were headlines that the bishop read slowly. He then went on and read the detailed account of the shooting and the visit of the reporter to the tenement where the family lived.

He finished, and there was silence around the table. The humor of the hour was swept out of existence by this bit of human tragedy. The great city roared about the settlement. The awful current of human life was flowing in a great stream past the settlement house, and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vast throng, but thousands were going down in the midst of that current, clutching at last hopes, dying literally in a land of plenty, because the boon of physical toil was denied them.

There were various comments on the part of the residents. One of the newcomers, a young man preparing for the ministry, said: "Why didn't the man apply to one of the charity organizations for help or to the city? It certainly is not true that, even at its worst, this city full of Christian people would knowingly allow any one to go without food or fuel."

"No; I don't believe that it would," replied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know the history of that man's case. He may have asked for help so often before that finally, in a moment of desperation, he determined to help himself. I have known such cases this winter."

"That is not the terrible fact in this case," said the bishop. "The awful thing about it is the fact that the man had not had any work for six months."

"Why don't such people go out into the country?" asked the divinity student.

Some one at the table who had made a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the question. According to the investigator, the places that were possible for work in the country were exceedingly few for steady employment, and in almost every case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill. How could he move or get into the country? How could he pay even the meager sum necessary to move his few goods? There were a thousand reasons probably why this particular man did not go elsewhere.

"Meanwhile there are the wife and children," said Mrs. Bruce. "How awful! Where is the place, did you say?"

The bishop took up the paper.

"Why, it's only three blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I believe Penrose himself owns half of the houses in that block. They are among the worst houses in this part of the city. And Penrose is a church member."

"Yes; he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue church," replied Dr. Bruce in a low voice.

The bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in the way of denunciation when the bell rang and one of the residents went to the door.

"Tell Dr. Bruce and the bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the name—Clarence Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows me."

The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The bishop exchanged a significant look with Dr. Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall.

"Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the bishop ushered the visitor into the reception room. They closed the door and were alone.

Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic family of great wealth and social distinction. He was exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr. Bruce's church all his life.

This man faced the bishop and his former pastor with a look of agitation on his countenance that showed plainly the mark of some unusual experience. He was very pale, and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Penrose ever before yielded to such a strange emotion of feeling?

"This affair of the shooting—you understand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary cause of my visit." He stammered and looked anxiously into the faces of the other two men. The bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the horrors in his tenements, possibly have prevented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed some of his personal ease and luxury to better the condition of the people in his district.

Penrose turned to Dr. Bruce.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, and there was almost a child's terror in his voice, "I came to say that I have had an experience so unusual that nothing but the supernatural can explain it. You remember I was one of those who took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. I thought at the time, poor fool that I was, that I had all along been doing the Christian thing. I gave liberally out of my abundance to the church and charity. I never gave myself to cost me any suffering. I have been living in a perfect hell of contradictions ever since I took the pledge. My little girl, Diana, you remember, also took the pledge with me. She has been asking me a great many questions lately about the poor people and where they lived. I was obliged to answer her. Two of her questions last night touched my sore. Did I own any houses where those people lived? Were they nice and warm like ours? You know how a child will ask questions like these. I went to bed tormented with what I now know to be the divine arrows of conscience. I could not sleep. I seemed to see the judgment day. I was placed before the Judge. I was asked to give account of my deeds done in the body. How many sinful souls had I visited in prison? What had I done with my stewardship? How about those tenements where people froze in winter and stifled in summer? Did I give any thought to them, except to receive the rentals from them? Where did my suffering come in? Would Jesus have done as I had done and was doing? Had I broken my pledge? How had I used the money and the culture and the social influence I possessed? Had I used them to bless humanity, to relieve the suffering, to bring joy to the distressed and hope to the desponding? I had received much. How much had I given?

"All this came to me in a waking vision as distinctly as I see you two men and myself now. I was unable to see the end of the vision. I had a confused picture in my mind of the suffering Christ pointing a condemning finger at me, and the rest was shut out by mist and darkness. I have not had sleep for 24 hours. The first thing I saw this morning was the account of the shooting at the coalyards. I read the account with a feeling of horror I have not been able to shake off. I am a guilty creature before God."

Penrose paused suddenly. The two men looked at him solemnly. What power of the Holy Spirit moved the soul of this hitherto self satisfied, elegant, cultured man who belonged to the social life that was accustomed to go its way, placidly unmindful of the great sorrows of a great city and practically ignorant of what it means to suffer for Jesus' sake?

Into that room came a breath such as before swept over Henry Maxwell's church and through Nazareth Avenue. And the bishop laid his hand on the shoulder of Penrose and said: "My brother, God has been very near to you. Let us thank him."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Penrose. He sat down on a chair and covered his face. The bishop prayed. Then Penrose quietly said, "Will you go with me to that house?"

For answer both Dr. Bruce and the bishop put on their overcoats and went out with him to the home of the dead man's family. This was the beginning of a new and strange life for Clarence Penrose. From the moment he stepped into that wretched hovel of a home and faced for the first time in his life a despair and suffering such as he had read of, but did not know by personal contact, he dated a new life. It would be another long story to tell how, in obedience to his pledge, he began to do with his tenement property as he knew Jesus would do. What would Jesus do with tenement property if he owned it in Chicago or any other great city of the world? Any man who can imagine any true answer to this question can easily tell what Clarence Penrose began to do.

Now, before that winter reached its bitter climax many things occurred in the city that concerned the lives of all the characters in this history of the disciples who promised to walk in his steps.

It chanced, by one of those remarkable coincidences that seem to occur preternaturally, that one afternoon, just as Felicia came out of the settlement with a basket which she was going to leave as a sample with a baker in the Penrose district, Stephen Clyde opened the door of the carpenter shop in the basement and came out of the lower door in time to meet Felicia as she reached the sidewalk.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

"Why do you say 'please'?" asked Felicia, handing over the basket.

"I would like to say something else," replied Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her, and especially since she stepped into the shop that day with the bishop, and for weeks now they had been in many ways thrown into each other's company.

"What else?" asked Felicia innocently, falling into the trap.

"Why," said Stephen, turning his fair, noble face full toward her and eying her with the look of one who would have the best of all things in the universe, "I would like to say, 'Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia.'"

Felicia never looked so beautiful in her life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face toward him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender, "Why don't you say it, then?"

"May I?" cried Stephen, and he was so careless for a minute of the way he held the basket that Felicia exclaimed: "Yes! But, oh, don't drop my goodies!"

"Why, I wouldn't drop anything so precious for all the world, 'dear Felicia,'" said Stephen, who now walked on air for several blocks, and what else was said during that walk is private correspondence that we have no right to read, only it is matter of history that day that the basket never reached its destination and that over in the other direction late in the afternoon the bishop, walking along, quietly in a rather secluded spot near the outlying part of the settlement district, heard a familiar voice say, "But tell me, Felicia, when did you begin to love me?"

"I fell in love with a little pine shaving just above your ear that day I saw you in the shop," said the other voice, with a laugh so clear, so pure, so sweet, that it did one good to hear it.

The next moment the bishop turned the corner and came upon them.

"Where are you going with that basket?" he tried to say sternly.

"We're taking it to—where are we taking it to, Felicia?"

"Dear bishop, we are taking it home to begin"—

"To begin housekeeping with," finished Stephen, coming to the rescue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Thomas Riddleman, Parshallville, Mich., writes: I was troubled with salt rheum for over thirteen years, had tried a number of doctors without relief. My husband bought a box of Banner Salve, which I applied two or three times and my hands began to get better. In a short time they were entirely cured. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thos. B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns, and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

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Address all communications to

BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1899.

MELVIN is quite a sprinter.

WELL, it did not snow the next day.

BILLY CLARKE ran like a Roman gladiator.

LADYSMITH must be Boerd almost to death by this time.

CREASY came within four votes of carrying Corydon first.

BOARDMAN and Peterson will have about 1,000 plurality each.

THE Hungerford-ville brothers were out in FULL force last Tuesday night.

THE Dutch have captured Holland again. Maryland has gone Democratic.

DID you notice Abe Lincoln Gallup? He is a single footer who can sprint politically.

THE Matchless Democrat got there in fine shape, but where in Helen blazes is Lillibridge.

EVERYBODY concedes that the Republican ticket in the county made a phenomenal run.

CREASY carried three precincts in McKean county and tied Barnett in Lafayette second.

ALTHOUGH Billy Clarke had a King for an opponent, he dressed him up to the Queen's taste.

W. B. CLARKE carried every precinct in the county but one, and in that he tied his opponent.

NO ONE can tell who the Democratic county auditor will be on the next board. It looks as though it might be Vera close.

W. B. CLARKE, for sheriff, will have a plurality of about 2,300. G. W. Mitchell, for prothonotary, will have close to 1,400 plurality.

THE Dismal Swamp in Virginia is not so dismal any more. You can pass through the terrible swamp now on a swift moving canal boat.

EVERYBODY admires Admiral George Dewey. But it is time to call a halt on his Hazen around the country in the manner that he has been doing lately.

THE Philadelphia Inquirer, a dyed-in-the-wool machine paper claimed the State yesterday for Barnett by 75,000. The day before it claimed the State by 175,000.

A. M. BOARDMAN and Albert Peterson, the newly elected county commissioners, for what is known as an off year, made a grand run. They are to be congratulated.

McKEAN county will again have two Republican commissioners. With all due respect to T. F. Hungiville, the MINER earnestly hopes they will dare say their souls are their own.

IT may be all right to fill up on the proud American bird known as the turkey on Thurs'ay, Nov. 30, but it is hardly fair to permit Congress to convene on the following Monday, Dec. 4.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE has the proud distinction of being the only candidate for sheriff in McKean county ever elected to the second term. He is also the only candidate for any office who ever carried every precinct in the county.

THE MINER congratulates the winning candidates and offers sympathy to the defeated ones. A little sympathy on our own plate would not be bad, but where there is so much to rejoice over we will take the bitter with the sweet.

IT can be truly said that the political battle just fought was one of the cleanest in the political history of McKean county. The fact that it was devoid of mud slinging has awakened a great interest among those who are otherwise disinterested.

IT is fortunate for President McKinley that Barnett was elected State treasurer of Pennsylvania. Otherwise our able President would have been constrained to resign his position as chief magistrate, as this was the battle cry of the machine men in the Keystone State.

WITH all that has been said against T. F. Hungiville during the late campaign, the fact that he is a thoroughly competent official cannot be successfully disputed. With two such brilliant Republicans as Boardman and Peterson, with whom he will act in conjunction, this county will have the most efficient board of county commissioners it has ever had.

IT would seem that on or after January 1, next, some slight introduction will be necessary between Mr. Mitchell and those county newspaper editors who had turned his picture to the wall. —Bradford Record.

Not necessarily. The MINER raises the gauntlet thrown down by the Record and claims the distinction of having been positive in the late political battle and not on the negative side. Will the Record have the kindness to say in the future where it stands politically.

YESTERDAY the MINER received a message from Potter county that was a most complete surprise. Potter county on a regular State issue is good for from 800 to 1200 Republican majority. On Tuesday she gave 300 majority for the Republican State ticket; elected Kemery, Democratic candidate for prothonotary, by 185; Wm. Nelson, Democrat, register and recorder, by over 600; Democratic candidates for county commissioners by about 200, and Democratic county auditors by 91 votes.

EVER since the war started in South Africa the Boers seemed to have the best of it until yesterday. The news this morning seems to be more favorable for the English. If General White, the English commander at Ladysmith, can hold the place until reinforcements arrive the situation will change very materially. The Boers are a brave people and are great fighters but they are up against a nation of unlimited resources, backed by the greatest navy in the world, and it will only be a matter of time before they will be compelled to sue for peace.

BRO. COLCORD, editor of the Potter Democrat could not produce even a sick rooster in his paper yesterday. Colcord, wash your front windows and thus be enabled to distinguish one fact, that in Pennsylvania politics have gone down so low that Republican and Democratic leaders will connive together to pull the wool over the eyes of the voters. To prove this assertion correct J. C. Sibley devoted considerable time last winter trying to elect M. S. Quay United States Senator. Furthermore, Potter county Republicans last year elected W. H. Sullivan chairman. Now you see the result.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6, 1899.

President McKinley left Washington this evening for Canton, where he goes to cast his vote for the straight Republican ticket, not because he considers his vote necessary to the success of the ticket, but because he thinks it the duty of every citizen to cast his vote when it is possible to do so. As he was getting aboard of the train, he expressed absolute confidence in the election of Judge Nash. Although the trip is a flying one, so to speak, Mrs. McKinley accompanied him. They will return to Washington Wednesday.

It is the unanimous opinion of President McKinley, every member of the Cabinet and every member of the Philippine Commission, that the first and most imperative duty of Congress, at the coming session, will be to adopt a joint resolution declaring the intention of the U. S. to permanently retain the ownership of the Philippines, and there is little doubt that such a resolution will be adopted by both House and Senate. If it could be put through at the first day's session, it would do much good, both in the Philippines and at home, but that, of course, is too much to hope for. The House will be the first to adopt the resolution and the Senate will eventually follow, by the antis in the latter body will take advantage of the Senate rules, just as they did when the treaty of peace, the delay in the ratification of which is responsible for every drop of blood shed in the Philippine insurrection, was before the Senate, to delay action by talk about any old thing to prevent a vote. No stronger argument in favor of the adoption of such a resolution could be found than Aguinaldo's recent statement that "The American Congress is soon to meet to decide whether to keep the Philippines." Americans know that that decision has already been made—by the people—but residents of the Philippines do not.

Edward C. Andre, who is Belgium's consul at Manila, is visiting Washington. He predicts a speedy end to the insurrection and says that ten thousand Filipinos cannot stand before a regiment of American soldiers, and that the end would have been reached long before this if the present rainy season had not been unusually long and severe. When asked what he thought of what the American soldiers had accomplished over there, Mr. Andre, who is a disinterested witness and who speaks from personal knowledge acquired on the ground, replied: "They have done well—very well. If you only knew the condition of that country, you would be surprised that they have done what they have. The weather has been simply awful—worse this year than usual—and fighting under such conditions is very difficult indeed."

Secretary Long said of the preliminary report of the Philippine commission, which is commended by everybody except the "littler Americans": "There have been so many misrepresentations and exaggerations that it is delightful to have so valuable and explicit a statement from a board, the composition of which could not be improved in this country or any other. Two of the men who are members have been long known in their association with our leading universities; the third gentleman has had more than twelve years diplomatic experience in China, and the fourth is to-day in the nation's eye. Three of the men have never been associated in any way with politics, and the fourth, who has not taken any active part in politics, by reason of his diplomatic service, is one of the most respected members of the Democratic party, and certainly cannot be charged with any leaning towards the administration. It is especially gratifying that the report backs up and endorses the position and the statements of the President upon this whole matter."

Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, said: "No matter what differences of opinion may exist among individuals upon the question of expansion, our flag in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines will stay there. The U. S. Senate will never consent to the surrender or to the hauling down of the flag. Where that glorious emblem has been raised, there it will stay. No matter what may be the sentiment of the minority, the great body of the American people will always be for the flag, under any and all circumstances. There may be agitation, but the flag will stay there, and those who wish to humiliate or dishonor it, will only discredit themselves in the esteem, if not more seriously, of their fellow citizens."

Comptroller of the Currency Dawes thinks one of the greatest needs in connection with our rapidly increasing foreign trade is some method of international banking, such as England and Germany have, not only with European countries, but with South and Central American countries, and he will call the attention of Congress to the matter in his annual report. As an argument of the need of such facilities, Mr. Dawes said: "Suppose two men are dealing in live stock. One of them sells a bunch of horses and ships them to the purchaser, upon whom he draws for the money. He takes the draft to the bank and discounts it. With the money, he buys more stock, which he sells and ships in like manner. The second man does not use banks. He sells his horses, and after shipping, waits for the purchaser to remit. While the second man is waiting for his money, the first man has made half a dozen transactions, has increased his own earnings."

A. H. THURNESS, Mgr. Wilson Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones, accompanied by excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave temporary relief. After taking Foley's Kidney Cure the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, little fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and feel like a new man. Foley's Kidney Cure has done me $1000 worth of good." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Buy your robes and blankets at Lemmler's. The largest variety in town.

Holmes & Gilfillan have everything when you come to building.

Decisive Republican Victory!

PENNSYLVANIA AS USUAL LEADS ALL OTHER STATES IN BIG MAJORITIES.

Administration Endorsed.

A SHORT SYNOPSIS OF THE RESULT IN DIFFERENT STATES—UNOFFICIAL VOTE OF M'KEAN COUNTY.

PENNSYLVANIA SOLID.

The old Keystone State elects the whole Republican ticket as usual this fall. Lieutenant Colonel James F. Barnett is elected by a plurality of 115,000, J. Hay Brown, candidate for Supreme Court Judge, and John I. Mitchell, candidate for Superior Court Judge, were elected by pluralities of about 150,000 each. Barnett's plurality was cut down on account of the anti-Quay feeling in the State.

OHIO IS ALL RIGHT.

Judge Nash is elected Governor of Ohio by a plurality approximating 50,000. Both branches of the legislature are safely Republican. The vote of Sam Jones, the independent candidate for Governor will probably reach 100,000.

NEW JERSEY SAFE.

For the sixth successive year the Republicans have won in New Jersey, formerly a rock-ribbed Democratic State. Of the eight State senators elected seven are Republicans. The new house of assembly will probably be mose strongly Republican than the present house. The Senators elected will vote for a United States senator in 1901, and the Republican victory is a triumph for United States Senator William J. Sewell, who will be a candidate for re-election. The Republicans retain their majority of seven in the State senate and have probably gained three members in the house of assembly, which stood 37 Republicans to 23 Democrats. No State officers were elected, but a number of important State officers are to be filled by the Governor and legislature. County officials, such as sheriff, county clerk and surrogate, were elected in all the counties, and the result throughout the State shows Republican gains.

IN THE BAY STATE.

W. Murray Crane, Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, led the complete State ticket to victory with a majority of 62,000 over Robert Treat Paine, Jr., the Democratic candidate. The Republicans will have about 100 majority in the House of Representatives and the Senate will be Republican 4 to 1.

NEW YORK REPUBLICAN.

New York State Republicans gained a glorious victory last Tuesday. The legislature is Republican in both houses by a good working majority. In Buffalo the Republicans made a clean sweep, electing their entire ticket. Rochester elects a Republican mayor for the first time in many years. In Albany the Republican ticket was elected also for the first time in many years. There was a Republican landslide in Chemung county, the home of ex-Senator Hill. Chas. H. Knapp, Republican, is elected to the assembly, a Democratic loss.

KENTUCKY IN DOUBT.

The indications at this writing are that W. S. Taylor, Republican, has been elected Governor of Kentucky by a plurality of 6,000 to 8,000. No matter what the result a contest will likely occur. The legislature which will be called upon to decide the contest, is close but will probably be Democratic in both houses. The official vote will be necessary to determine the complexion of the next legislature.

IOWA ALSO IN LINE.

Returns from 90 to 99 counties of the State, with estimates on the others, show that the Republican claim of 60,000 plurality for Gov. Shaw is maintained and may go above that figure. His majority over all candidates for Governor is estimated at 48,000, which is the largest in the history of the State on the gubernatorial vote. The legislature will stand: Senate 35 Republicans and 15 Democrats; house 83 Republicans and 17 Democrats, a gain of 16 votes on joint ballot for the Republicans. Both the Gear and Cummins forces claim a majority for the Republican votes for the United States senatorship.

MARYLAND DEMOCRATIC.

John Walter Smith, Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland, is elected by about 15,000 plurality. Both branches of the legislature are also Democratic. The Republican defeat is attributed to treachery among the followers of Mayor Malster and United States Senator Geo. L. Wellington.

FUSIONIST VICTORY IN NEBRASKA.

The fusionists carry Nebraska by at least 12,000, which is really gratifying to Republicans at large as it insures the nomination of W. J. Bryan for President in 1900, thus making the election of McKinley an absolute certainty. Mr. Bryan said that the fusion victory in Nebraska was a rebuke to the National administration. He refused to discuss the results in other States.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

Correct semi-official returns show that the Democrats made almost a clean sweep in the municipal election in San Francisco. The Republicans succeeded in but seven cases on the entire ticket. They elected the sheriff, auditor, tax commissioner, county clerk and three supervisors. The Democrats elected the mayor and all other county officers and 15 supervisors. Mayor Phelan's plurality over Davis, Republican, is 7756.

IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Democratic State ticket elected is as follows: Governor, H. H. Longino; Lieutenant Governor, J. T. Harrison; Secretary of State, J. L. Power; Auditor, W. Q. Cole; Treasurer, Robert Stowers; Attorney General, Monroe McClure. Late results do not change the estimated majority of 30,000.

VOTE IN THE COUNTY.

The result in the county is as was anticipated, a Republican sweep. The entire ticket was elected by normal majorities despite the light vote polled. The official table will be published next week as the court sits too late to allow its publication in this issue. The following totals, however, will not vary much from the official figures:

State Treasurer—Barnett, R., 3414, Creasy, D., 1886; Supreme Court Judge—Brown, R., 3441, Mestrezat, D., 1789; Superior Court Judge—Mitchell, R., 3444, Reilly, D., 1780; Sheriff—Clarke, R., 3847, King, D., 1566; Prothonotary—Mitchell, R., 3395, Stoner, D., 1963; District Attorney—Melvin, R., 3684, Lillibridge, D., 1663; County Commissioners—Boardman, R., 3283, Peterson, R., 3059, Hungiville, D., 2259, Ford, D., 1715; Auditors—Gallup, R., 3456, Ward, R., 3326, McKeown, D., 1761, Vera, D., 1705.

[illegible] RAILROAD SCHEME.

A[illegible] York with [illegible] which the trip [illegible] be made in twenty-four [illegible] ambitious scheme of [illegible] D. Carpenter of Carthage, Mo.

This gentleman has been working upon his plans for forty years and has nearly completed all the details of them. Many of the features are already covered by patents. Capital is being interested and agents in England and the east are working up the organization of a company. Those who have studied Mr. Carpenter's plans are sanguine of success, and not only believe that the road will be a paying one when built, but that the capital to build it can be secured easily.

The plans call for a mammoth eight track road straight across the continent from San Francisco to New York. Chicago will be passed by and connection made with it by means of a spur running off from the main line.

The through trains, both passenger and freight, will be on four tracks built at an elevation of twelve feet above the ground. The outer tracks will be for passengers and the inner for freight. This double track will give each train right of way from one side of the continent to the other and will do away with all danger of head end collisions.

About twelve feet above the through tracks will be laid four more for local traffic. This will make a monster elevated road fifty feet wide and at least twenty four feet high stretching across mountains and plains.

The cost of such a road will not be so great as, at first glance, might be supposed. The entire federal system of railroads has 179,161 miles of track, built at an aggregate cost of $12,060,000,000, or about $61,000 a mile. The elevated road can be constructed for about $39,000 per mile, or, at the highest estimate, $63,000.

Mr. Carpenter also has an array of figures and circulars to show that the cost of operation, maintenance, etc., of the elevated road will be only one third the cost of the present system.

For safety of life and property he claims that it would, beyond comparison, outrank the surface track system. Being elevated twelve feet above all moving things except balloons and air ships, no cattle could become entangled in cattle guards and no teams stop on crossings as a train was bearing down upon them. The losses of life and damages to life in six years of the surface roads are reported as being 40,410 killed and 205,260 injured, to say nothing of the immense loss to property. The causes of these accidents are laid to obstructions on the crossings, standing on the track, falling from the cars, coupling, collisions, etc.

As there will be no grade crossing, no one on top of cars, nor men coupling (self couplers and power brakes being used entirely), and as there will never be a train going east on a west bound track, and vice versa, these causes of accidents would be removed. —Philadelphia Sunday Times.

DUN'S REPORT.

Failures have never been smaller than in October in any month excepting May, June and July of this year, since monthly records began six years ago. Trading failures have never been as small in any other month of any year. Manufacturing failures were never smaller in any month save one prior to this year, and yet have been smaller in six of the nine months of 1899, in January and in May September inclusive. Clothing failures have been rather frequent of late, and two large with eighteen small ones in that class make the aggregate larger than in sixty-nine of the past seventy two months, and another large failure in real estate lifts the amount in that class, but the remarkable decrease in number and size of small failures calls for especial notice.

British disasters in South Africa have brought to view something besides the steady self reliance of the English people, that they hold not many American securities to be dislodged in any time of alarm, but are inclined to take more when money looks for safe investment. Stocks here were scarcely depressed at any time before the opening, and closed 50 cents per share higher for railroads and $1.00 higher for industrials. Earnings of railroads, 9.9 per cent. larger than last year in October, and 15.6 per cent. larger than in 1892, were also the best for the latest week of that month, while east bound tonnage from Chicago was 67 per cent. larger than in 1892. To ask a greater increase would be absurd.

Monetary troubles were helped by the steadiness of English markets, by the fine surplus revenue shown by the treasury for October, by the remarkable showing of manufactured exports in September, and by the quick movement of interior balances this way when there seemed opportunity to lend them here with advantage. Merchandise exports in October have shown an increase of $5,863,000 from New York alone, though last year the excess of exports over imports was $66,000,000. With such a balance on foreign account, and treasury receipts exceeding expenditures by $3,359,562 for October, and $7,049,012 for four months of the fiscal year, the monetary situation is anything but alarming. At this season money is sure to come back from the interior in large amounts, with gold imports not far off.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have about 50 beautiful gold fish for sale. They are beauts and no mistake. Come early and secure first choice. tf

Window glass—any size—at Holmes & Gilfillan's

Coleman & Bell,

Sanitary Plumbers.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Gas, steam and water fitting.

Estimates furnished on plumbing and tin work.

Incandescent lights and fixtures.

Basement Chadwick Bl'k. Smethport.

NEW WAGON and PAINT SHOP.

I have started a Wagon and Carriage Shop in E. Sartwell's building on State street and am prepared to do all kinds of wagon and carriage painting and repairing. Will also furnish the finest of new work. I am well-known to the people of Smethport and they run no risk when entrusting me with their work. I have had 25 years experience and invite comparison.

John Sarvallias, - Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

Olean's Big Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.

A WALL PAPER SALE.

We do not want and do not intend to carry over a single roll of wall paper. We must have the room for new goods. The Wall Paper Trust controls every factory of importance and paper for the next year will cost you more than twice as much as you buy them for at this sale. All our stock, no reserve, at cost or less.

Best white back papers worth 12c and 15c, this sale at 8c double roll. 9-inch Border 2c.

All Gilt Papers sold at 15c, 18c and 20c double roll, 9-inch border to match, will go at 12½c double roll.

Elegant patterns suitable for parlors, library or hall, our regular 20c, 25c and 30c goods, all at 15c double roll, 18-inch blended border 4c to 6c.

22 inch goods regular price 50c and 60c, this sale 25c double roll.

All our best goods sold at 75c and $1.00 all the new colors and latest designs at 50c double roll.

Anticipate your wants and save money.

We Pay the Freight.
We Sew Carpets.

Andrews & Conkling.

C. J. Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

Special attention paid to sore feet and all diseases that can be cured by careful shoeing.

Am agent for the Dornan Expansion Shoe.

WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

JONES & CHURCH

dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Fish and Vegetables

We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.

Main St, Smethport, Pa.

Why? Pay a Big Price when you can obtain a fine

Portrait and Frame Right

at

Chas. G. Mesler's Studio,

Cor. Green & Pine Sts. Smethport, Pa.

MEADVILLE, PA., May 3, 1899.
To Whom it May Concern:
This is to certify that Mr. Charles G. Mesler made six pictures for me over a year ago that are perfectly satisfactory and have received praise from all that have seen them.
C. L. HALL.

A. T. PALMER,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables,

DEALER IN

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc.

201 West Water Street,
Smethport, Pa.

FOR 1899.

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired and all work gurranted.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between W. T. Seger and A. D. Doyle, under the firm name of Seger & Doyle, was dissolved on the third day of November, A. D. 1899, by mutual consent of the parties, the said Doyle retiring from the business. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid, and those due from the same at the store of W. T. Seger, who is to continue the said business.

W. T. SEGER,
A. D. DOYLE.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 3, 1899.

L. A. W. Repair Shop.

THIS Shop is new—everything in it is new. No old parts put on your wheel. When you bring a wheel here to have it repaired it will be done in FIRST CLASS SHAPE with the best materials. New tires and everything that belongs to a bicycle. A fine Columbia Vulcanizer enables me to repair tires as it should be done. New tires at prices that are a revelation. I have a good lathe and can make new parts.

In addition to Bicycle repairing I am prepared to do all kinds of Electrical Work, Gun repairing, winding fishing rods, etc.

All work done promptly.

Alex Clarke,

Opposite Court House,
Smethport, - Pa.

I DO NOT ROB YOU. . . .

Does your bicycle need repairing? I can do it.
Does your lawn mower need sharpening? I can do it.
Remember I also do

Shear Sharpening,
Knife Grinding,
Umbrella Repairing,
Fitting Keys to Locks,

And guarantee my work to be first-class. The price is moderate. No robbery here.

A. B. Kidder,

Fulton Street. Smethport.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Mansfield State Normal School.

A superior training school for teachers. Faculty, Location, Buildings and Equipments unexcelled. Large model school. Infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Large athletic park. Elevator, electric lights and steam heat.

Every facility for college preparatory work or special work in agriculture and nature study, elocution, art, music, etc., etc.

Fall term opens September 5; Winter term, December 4; Spring term, March 12.

Students can enter at any time, though it is to their advantage to enter at the beginning of a term.

For catalogue giving full information respecting courses of study, expenses, etc., address

A. T. SMITH, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

P. S.—We will esteem it a favor if you will send us the names and addresses of any of your acquaintances who are interested in the selection of a school.

How About That Plumbing Job?

BE SURE TO CONSULT

PALMER & STRONG

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

Welsbach Lamps and Supplies,
Chandeliers and Fixtures.

Basement Reilly Block. - SMETHPORT.

Thoroughly Experienced. All Work Guaranteed.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Come for Stoves.

This store sells 500 stoves per year. We carry more than [illegible] styles in stock. We show a full line of Heaters from a half dozen makers.

We havs portable heaters as low $1.35.
We have Reliable heaters from $3.00 up.

Reliable Ranges control the range trade in this section. At every point they are better than any other range you know of. Made in 45 styles—$13.50 up.

Come for China.

Every week we receive direct importations of new foreign china. We sell the original Haviland china at about a third less than the usual price on it. Dinner sets from $6 50 up.

We carry many of our best sets in each grade in open-stock patters. Buy one piece or a dozen. Complete the set as you wish. Match it at any time. A good way to get a good dinner set.

Lamps and Gas Fixtures.

All this season's quaint lamp styles are in. Also all sorts of new globes for old lamps. Our lamp stock is enormous.

We show every gas fixture style that is made. There is absolutely nothing that we cannot supply in this line, and at a very considerable saving. Estimates furnished when wanted.

Apollo Incandescent Burners, 75c.
Welsbach Incandescent Burners, $1.00.
Apollo Mantles, 18c; Welsbach, 25c.

Harness.

Single harness $8.00 up.

Prices on harness that are not duplicated in this section.

All harness parts.

50 styles of horse blankets.

All the kinds of lap robes.

Horse goods of every description.

Sewing Machines $19.50

We sell the Demorest Sewing Machine for $19.50. All the modern improvements, made by one of the oldest makes. Equal to any $55.00 machine you can find.

EMERY & WEAVER,

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.

D. C. YOUNG.

New Fall Goods.

The new Fall Goods are here in rich profusion. Never before has the market afforded such an assortment of desirable goods. The fact that we buy for cash gives us the advantage of cheap purchases.

DRESS GOODS—

Plaids—in both wool and cotton.
Dress Ginghams, Mulls, Calicoes.
Linings—25c to 45c yd, in all the latest colors.
Nice line of Liberty Silks for shirt waists.

Fine line lace curtains.
Spreads from $1.00 to $2.75.
Ready-made dress skirts $1.50 to $3.50.
Wrappers from 75c to $1.75.

Special Feature.

As a special feature a 10-cent counter has been inaugurated in this store. On it are many really valuable articles and it will surprise you to find them on this counter.

The entire stock in this store is subject to your inspection. Come and look it over.

D. C. YOUNG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do You Need Lumber of Any Kind?

Shingles,
Lath,
Flooring,
Ceiling,
Molding,
Wagon Stock,
Doors,
Windows,
Screens,
Glass,

Nails,
Builder's Hardware,
Mixed Paints,
White Lead,
Oils,
Varnishes,
Paint Brushes,
Wall Plaster,
Lime,
Plaster Paris.

These are only a few of the things you will find in our yard. Prices the lowest.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Smethport, Pa.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

Underwear — Hosiery

For Both Sexes and All Ages.

...careful of our customers' ...ts we bought early in ...lots direct from the mills ...r fall and winter trade. ...is securing our goods be... the big advance in prices ...offer unparalleled values ...ll departments.

SECOND FLOOR.

Carpets,
Boys' Clothing,
Cloaks,
Shoes.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Mail orders carefully executed.

How's Your Frame

of mind, concerning pictures? You should preserve your present likeness for coming years, if nothing else. The latest and best effects always to be found at "Ike's" studio.

Have You Any Pictures

That need framing? You can find a full assortment of stylish mouldings, &c., of the latest design here. A nice frame beautifies and preserves a picture. Come and look them over.

"IKE" SLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

...port, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1899.

SMETHPORT, PA.

...port, McKean county, Penn'a, is located ...the richest agricultural districts in ...ern Pennsylvania, only 97 miles from ..., N. Y., and 190 miles—air line—from ..., Pa.

...has four lines of railroad leading ...the principal distributing centres, ...and west, and the great lakes. ...is kindred in abundance. ...centre of the largest and best natural ...in the state. ...in vast quantities. ...of large bituminous coal ...direct line of railroad, within 30 ...of the famous Showmut bituminous coal ...county. ...quantities of the best glass sandstone ...of shale rock suitable for brick ... stone and flagging in abundance ...be secured cheaply. ...of hard wood lumber, such ...maple, birch, oak, ash, etc. ...is the county seat of McKean county, ...the richest counties in the Keystone ...has a population at the present time ...and is growing rapidly; has electric lights, a first-class graded school, ...natural gas for fuel and lights, four ...and the principal industries at ...present are lumbering, two large windmill manufacturing plants, hemlock bark ...works, Backus safety Check Hook Manufacturing plant, with a number of other ...

...port has always been considered one of ...healthiest towns in the State. Contagious ...are strangers to the town. Being located ...above the sea level the town is singularly ...free from all diseases of a contagious ... Prospect Hill, one of the most sightly ...in the state, and probably the highest elevation in Pennsylvania, is only three miles ...business part of the town, which affords ...a view of the finest mountain scenery ...found anywhere in America. ...borough of Smethport is located at the ...of Nunundah and Marvin creek valleys, ...streams furnishing an abundance of ...for purposes. ...are found many admirable sites for ...plants of all descriptions. ...further particulars call on or address ...Board of Trade, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Masonic Festival, June 24, A. L. 5859.

...LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.
...Mason's Welcome.

...upon the Level and we part upon ...square;
...words of precious meaning those words ...Masons are;
...as we contemplate them, they are ...worthy of our thought;
...loftiest and the lowest and the rarest ...are fraught.
...upon the level, though from every ...station come,
...from out his palace and the poor ...from his home;
...must leave his diadem outside ...the Mason's door,
...finds his true respect upon the ...checkered floor.
...upon the square, for the world must ...its due;
...with its multitude—a cold unfriendly crew;
...influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
...long, upon the level, to renew the happy scene.
...a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it fast,
...shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death are past,
...shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
...try the blocks we offer by his own unerring square.
We shall come upon the level there, but never thence depart;
There's a mansion, 'tis all ready for each zealous, faithful heart;
...a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there
...have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.
...meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
...meet and let us labor, tho' the labor be severe;
...in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
...our working tools and part upon the square.
...round, ye faithful Ghiblimites, the ...fraternal chain,
...upon the square below to meet in ...again.
...words of precious meaning those ...Masons are,
...upon the Level, and we part upon ...square.

...J. Colegrove's bargain ad.

...forget the dance to-morrow n...

...ark's new building is rapidly ...completion.

...new residence of J. H. Green is ...ready for occupancy.

...Heath has the nobbiest barber ...in Smethport.

...the hose house to-morrow night ...the Camp Hose Co.

...Republican in Potter county ...weeks last Tuesday.

...Raymond has moved into ...over the MINER office.

—The new residence of Samuel Green ...street is being painted green.

...table showing the vote of ...will be published next week.

...is over. Now turn to your ...duties and settle down to business.

—Morris Hall's house on East Main street is well under way and will finished as soon as possible.

—J. W. McCarthy is rushing the brick work on Dr. Chadwick's building, and is doing good work.

—About the 25th of this month glass tubes may be observed coming out of the upper glass plant.

—The only report given out by the parties who went after bear last week is that they got back.

—H. W. Marcus of Olean has a new advertisement on the first page this week. Do not fail to read it.

—Engstrom Bros. are painting Miller Stickles' house in East Smethport, occupied by A. E. Wormer.

—Dogs, did you say. Yes, the town is full of worthless curs that are not fit to be made into Chicago sausage.

—When the residents of Smethport get through voting for W. B. Clarke the MINER will give the total vote.

—Miss Verna Hafner is filling the position of bookkeeper at the popular emporium of F. G. Lindholm & Co.

—Messrs. Gorton & Richmond's law offices are neatly and tastefully arranged and everything is in apple-pie order.

—The first degree of Odd Fellowship will be exemplified at I. O. O. F. hall tomorrow night. A full attendance is desired.

—The Extract works started up again this week after a short shut-down, during which time some necessary repairs were made.

—A thoroughly competent surgeon is needed to doctor up the sidewalks in East Smethport. Their condition is certainly critical.

—On Friday last Duello Gifford was caught in a log rack and received quite a severe injury. Dr. Ostrander dressed his wounds.

—The bridge across the brook at East Smethport, which was discovered to be in an unsafe condition, has been thoroughly repaired.

—E. S. Harrar, the popular ticket agent of the P. & E. R. R. at Williamsport, is confined to his home with typhoid fever.

—Last week John Gerwick, of Port Allegany, was badly bitten on the hand by a hog which he was butchering.—Potter Democrat.

—Be sure to attend the first annual ball of Camp Hose Co., hose house of Smethport Hose Co., No. 1, Friday night, Nov. 10. Tickets 75c.

—John Quimby, a conductor on the Goodyear Bros.' railroad, was killed at Keating Summit on Tuesday while switching cars.

—Your attention is directed to the new advertisement of Bell Bros. of Olean. As usual they offer real bargains in everything they advertise.

—Andrews & Conkling, the Olean housefurnishers, advertise a wall paper sale this week. The bargains they offer are worth looking up.

—Dr. Harris of Bucknell University speaks very highly of the graduates of the Clarion State Normal School who have been attending the University.

—In another column F. G. Lindholm & Co. present some solid facts for the consideration of the purchasing public. They are worthy your thought and action.

—Smethport residents will find it necessary to keep an eye on Elisha K. Kane, or they will wake up some morning and find a railroad laid down Main street.

—The Kane football team was defeated by Company C at Bradford on Tuesday by a score of 10 to 0. It is said that the Kane team is in better form than ever before.

—As the plans of the new Baptist church unfold themselves, as the work progresses, it is seen that the church will be one of the most picturesque edifices in town.

—W. T. Seger is reducing his immense stock of fall and winter clothing and furnishings at auction. A. H. King, the popular Erie auctioneer, is conducting the auction. See ad.

—The MINER is under obligations to Hon. T. F. Richmond for favors rendered in the shape of Smull's Legislative Hand Book. This is a valuable document full of useful information.

—Read Chas. Lemmler's ad. on the second page. Charles has a word to say about robes and blankets and those who have had dealings with him know that he is authority on horse furnishings.

—The Bradford high school defeated the Olean high school in a closely contested game of football at Olean on Saturday. Score, 5 to 0. Olean's team displayed their usual ability by getting the 0.

—Last Friday Miles Bascom, a workingman, committed suicide at a place known as Salt Rising, near Bolivar, by the hay mow and rope process. He was of a batty disposition, aged 52 years.

—Of 34 marriage ceremonies performed by Elmira clergymen in September, 23 were couples from Pennsylvania. A good percentage of Olean's weddings are also from Pennsylvania, says the Ledger.

—Mrs. Eliza Fessenden, widow of William Fessenden, died at her home in Roulette last Thursday, aged 77 years. The departed was one of the early settlers of Potter county and highly respected.

—Ike Simons, the enterprising clothier of Bradford, calls your attention to a few specialties in his ad. this week. Be sure to read it and when in need of anything in his line call on him at 46 Main street.

—Over on what is known as the "Davis Farm", otherwise "Canoe Place", called by some Port Allegany, they evidently go to bed with the chickens, as no returns could be obtained from there on Tuesday night.

—The clothing firm of Seger & Doyle was dissolved by mutual consent on Friday of last week, A. D. Doyle retiring. W. T. Seger will conduct the business in the future. See dissolution notice in another column.

—Comrade B. F. Wright and Auctioneer A. H. King were out hunting last Tuesday. Between the two one little chipmunk was killed. Which one of these distinguished hunters devoured the animal remains to be told in the future.

—The members of the Swedish Lutheran church held a festival at the residence of John Lindholm on Water street last Saturday night. A fine supper was provided. The receipts of the supper and the sale of fancy goods amounted to $125.

—The entertainment given by Louis Allen and his war animotiscope for the benefit of Smethport Hose Co., No. 1, in the court house last Friday night drew a good sized audience. The pictures shown on the whole were very good, especially the Spanish bull fight. The hose boys realized about $20 out of the entertainment.

—The city of Bradford has had a world renowned reputation for years, which no one has ever questioned. But the Star of the city capped the climax of wonders last night when it gave the city vote on Democratic county commissioners. Here it is: T. F. Hungivile, D., 16, 78, 82, 69, 115, 120, 67, 86—696; W. R. Ford, D., 16, 79, 80, 78, 130, 126, 97, 68—806. Comments are unnecessary.

—Our old friend, B. G. Battle, of the Port Allegany Press, will shortly branch out into the show business as a side line, and a thrilling military drama entitled "Santiago" will soon be produced by home talent under his direction at Port Allegany.—Potter Democrat.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for week ending Nov. 4: Eugene Adset, L. E. Benham (2), J. M. Cutter, Mrs. Ida Elder, Gust Erickson, Geo. Howard, W. W. Henshey, Valentine Ieory, Manager Opera House (3), Miss Adda Pippen. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Thomas Gilmore, who for some time has been a boarder at the residence of Mrs. John Hefferlo, at the corner of Water and Union streets, was before Burgess Hogarth at the sunrise court Monday on the charge of drunk and disorderly. Defendant was fined $5 and costs, in default of which he was sentenced to jail for 15 days.

—Blessed are they who scorn to borrow their neighbor's paper, but come to the sanctum and laying down the price of a year's subscription on the desk, say: "Put me down on your list. I like the paper very much." Yes, verily, they are happier, their family is happier and such as they are entitled to a front seat next to the band.—Ex.

—Elisha K. Kane has been in Boston and other eastern cities during the past week in the interest of his new railroad. He purchased a modern passenger coach, recently in use by the Boston & Albany railway, for service on the Smethport road. A handsome ten wheel locomotive weighing about 56 tons has been secured for the passenger traffic on the same road. The new road is expected to be in operation about the 15th of November.—Kane Republican.

—Archie Madison, employed at the glass factory, had the thumb and three fingers of his left hand torn by coming in contact with a circular saw yesterday, and Frank Hall, a machinist at the B. & S. shops, had one of his fingers nearly pinched off in a lathe. Dr. Walter Russell dressed the wounds of both men.—Bradford Era of Wednesday. Madison was an employe of the Camp glass works last fire and his many Smethport friends will regret his misfortune.

—An exchange publishes the following. The source of the article was not published, hence the MINER leaves it to its readers to judge of its merits or demerits: "Rub the fryings from salt meat along the back bone and about the heads of animals troubled with lice. If this is repeated a few times they will be killed. There is no danger from doing this, and as every farm has plenty of salt meat the remedy is not expensive. I use this for horses and cattle. For hogs, I make a strong soap suds and wash them with it. It keeps them very healthy."

—The MINER is pained to learn that Mrs. M. S. Thompson of Coudersport died yesterday morning. She was the only daughter of Hon. J. S. Mann of Coudersport, who died several years ago. Last year her mother passed away. The deceased is survived by a husband and one brother, A. B. Mann. Many of her relatives reside at Ceres. Mrs. Thompson's mother was a member of the King family which settled in Ceres about 100 years ago. The MINER tenders sympathy to the bereaved family.

—A man in Berlin owns a watch that is only about as large as a tack head. It is less than one quarter of an inch in diameter. The case is made of the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weighs less than two grains troy. In troy weight it takes 480 grains to make an ounce, and twelve ounces constitute a pound, or 5,760 grains are contained in a pound. This wonderful piece of mechanism weighs only one-2880th part of a pound. So great a curiosity was this little midget considered that its owner paid $1,046 60 for it, and he would not sell it for twice that amount. It is a stem winder, has a second hand, and is set with diamond chips.

An Old Landmark Burned.

At about 2:30 this afternoon the fire department was called to the corner of Mechanic and Mill streets by a fire in the grist mill of G. Herzog & Son. Smethport Hose Co., No. 1, were first on the ground and got two streams on the burning mill, but the lack of water and dense smoke made it impossible to do effective work.

Camp Hose Co., No. 3, turned in and assisted as much as possible, but there was no hydrant near from which to get water.

The fire was caused by the boiling over of a pail of tar, which was being heated on the stove in the office of the mill, and the whole building was enveloped in flames before the alarm was fairly given. The old building and the grain burned rapidly and the heat was extremely intense. By heroic work the adjoining buildings were saved but Hafner's store and the Stickles building were slightly scorched.

The old building burned rapidly and it was but a short time till one of the oldest buildings in Smethport was in a mass of ashes.

A carload of corn had been put into the mill yesterday, and there was nearly the same quantity of other grains in the building.

It is hard to estimate the loss at this time. There was $3,000 insurance on the building and contents.

Excursion Rates to Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for special excursion rates to Philadelphia on November 8 and 22, account National Export Exposition. Round-trip tickets, good to return within ten days, including day of issue, will be sold on the above dates from New York, Trenton, Belvidere, Atlantic City, Cape May, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, Lancaster, Harrisburg, York, Williamsport, Canandaigua, Erie, and intermediate points at rate of single fare for round trip, plus admission to the Exposition (no rate less than one dollar. For specific rates apply to ticket agents.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

You never know what form of blood poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says, "My wife had piles forty years, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Do you intend painting you house and barn? Hammar paint sold by Holmes & Gilfillan at $1 20 per gal. Guaranteed 5 years.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have their ice cream parlor separate from store, with side entrance.

Robes and blankets—all kinds at all prices at Lemmler's.

Incandescent lights and fixtures cheapest at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Vanblal visited Portville yesterday.

Fred Miller of Bradford was in town today.

J. A. Verdon transacted business in Buffalo Monday.

Sheriff J. F. Davis visited Bradford this morning.

Commissioner Lemuel Davis spent Sunday in Kane.

F. S. Baker came over from Coudersport yesterday.

Harry Knapp returned from Port Allegany Saturday night.

Harry Lynn of Buffalo spent Sunday with friends in town.

Emil Thamm transacted business in Mt. Jewett Monday.

Gus McClure made his regular visit in town on Monday.

Daniel Forsythe transacted business in Bradford Tuesday.

Theo. Barnsdall of Pittsburg spent Sunday with friends in town.

John F. Rooney transacted business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Geo. Griffiths was an agreeable caller at this office on Monday.

C. P. Byron of Bradford was greeting friends in town to-day.

J. P. Howard of Clermont was in town on Monday greeting friends.

Miss Maud Ray of Colegrove was calling on friends in town to-day.

Editor B. G. Battle of the Port Allegany Press was in town yesterday.

T. J. Butler of Mt. Jewett was transacting business in town last Friday.

G. E. Ramsey of Olean was a guest at the Wright House Monday night.

M. R. Williams of Derick City was greeting friends in town yesterday.

Gus Peterson of Corry was transacting business in Smethport on Tuesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan came up from Buffalo Saturday and spent Sunday here.

Mesdames J. F. Davis and B. F. Wright visited Bradford friends Tuesday.

County Treasurer J. W. Campbell of Kane was a guest at the Central last night.

I. W. Tubbs of Annincreek was a most agreeable caller at this office to-day.

E. R. Nash of Rixford came over the hill yesterday to congratulate Billy Clarke.

Warley Gifford came over from Bradford in order to deposit his ballot for reform.

H. J. Doolittle of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday morning.

Rev. E. S. Tonsmier of Coudersport was a guest at the Wright House on Monday.

Dr. McWilliams, John Evans and Harvey Cummings were Kane visitors in town yesterday.

Peter McGill of Chicago has been greeting relatives and friends in this section for several days.

Wm. Campbell and son, John E., of Morrisons were among the callers at this office Wednesday.

Mrs. Ezra Dexter of Liberty township spent several days with friends in this vicinity this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Chustley and Miss Edna Stuart of Colegrove were visitors in town Tuesday.

R. K. Goulding, local editor of the Kane Republican, was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office yesterday.

Miss Edna Keenan came over from Bradford last Friday night to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

W. P. Dennison has moved from Norwich and will spend the winter with his son, James Dennison, in East Smethport.

On Saturday Mesdames John G. Todd and Thos. Camp and Misses Clara Emery and Mable Camp visited Bradford friends.

H. L. Burlingame of Kasson was an agreeable caller at this office yesterday afternoon. Mr. Burlingame shows the effect of hard work on the farm—he is about 40 pounds lighter than when he was a resident of Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young and Mrs. T. A. Morrison departed last Monday morning for Pittsburg where the ladies will attend the convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Both of these distinguished ladies are in favor of giving women the right to exercise the ballot.

It Is Here at Last.

For days and weeks we have looked for the arrival of the first train over the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Ry and last night, at about 5:30 o'clock, amid a great whistling, clanging of bells and yelling an engine with a coach and several gravel cars attached made their debut in Smethport. A great many people at once rushed to the track to see the first standard gauge engine ever seen in the borough, aside from the "dinkey" owned by the Extract Co. The great delay has been caused by the scarcity of ties and other materials. It is understood that as soon as the road receives a little more ballast a passenger schedule will be adopted and regular trains will run between Smethport and Mt. Jewett to connect with the B., R. & P. and B., B. & K. at the latter place.

It was the intention of the officers of the road to take an observation trip to-day, but circumstances were of such a nature that this could not be accomplished.

Don't Risk Your Life.

Many of your friends, or people whom you know of, have contracted consumption, pneumonia or other fatal diseases by neglect of a simple cold or cough. Foley's Honey and Tar, a safe, sure and pleasant cough medicine, would have saved them. It is guaranteed. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

J. D. Bridges, editor Democrat, Lancaster, N. H., says, "One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grip, all throat and lung troubles. It prevents consumption. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

For Sale.

House and lot on South street, Smethport, Pa. For terms see Bouton & Gallup. 45-3t

Hammocks at L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s all styles and prices. 21-tf

Nails—little nails, big nails. Holmes & Gilfillan.

FOR SALE.—Two new dwelling houses centrally located in the borough of Smethport. A rare chance is here offered. Will sell one or both.
43 4t. A. REILLY.

HELP WANTED—A lady to help in store. One who is steady and willing to work. None under 20 need apply. Address, Box 136.
Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—At the Grand Central, Smethport, Pa., a girl who can do laundry or dining room work.

A gallon of PURE LINSEED OIL mixed with a gallon of

Hammar Paint, $1.20

makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD for $1.20.

Saves 25 per cent

of your paint bill. It is made because this Pure White Lead and is absolutely not poisonous. Hammar Paint is made of the best of paint materials—such as all good painters use, and is ground thick, very thick. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the common sense of house paint. No better paint can be produced at any cost, and is

Guaranteed 5 Years

Not to crack, blister, peel or chip.
F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Sold and guaranteed by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Smethport, Penna.
Dealers in
ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LARABEE.

On Monday last a terrible and fatal accident occurred in the woods just south of Larabee. Zina Hill, an old gentleman who was employed cutting heading for H. F. Cory, and who worked alone, went to the job in the morning and worked until about 3 o'clock p. m., when by some unknown manner he was caught under the branches of a falling tree and his life immediately crushed out, leaving a pitiably bruised and broken form that was found some hours later by those who went out to search for him.

One day last week while passing along the edge of the wood, high up on one of our hills, E. S. Carpenter found a gooseberry bush in full blossom, looking as green and fresh as in spring time.

A. J. Anderson of Newerf, a former resident of Larabee, was greeting old friends in town Wednesday.

Miss Freda Wedell of Glen Charles was a guest at the home of Mrs. W. E. Windsor on Monday.

M. A. Lillibridge one of Port Allegany's hustling business men, was in town Monday.

Edd Crandall of Smethport visited his brother, F. C., at this place Wednesday.

J. H. Layton of Olean was shaking hands with friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. F. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, were in Eldred on Monday.

Fred Mix of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller in town Monday.

E. S Carpenter transacted business in Turtlepoint Monday.

C. C. Hubbard was in Port Allegany Monday.

COLEVILLE.

On Tuesday of last week Nicholas Smith and Miss Edith Lamphier of Wrights Corners were married in Olean. Mr. Smith being a widower for nearly three months thought it was not good for man to be alone.

J. C. Burgess has accepted a position as foreman on the Smith & Best lease.

E. J. Hover transacted business in Bradford Friday and Saturday.

J. Chamberlain of Buffalo was seen on our streets Monday.

J. W. McNerney had business in Bradford Monday.

W. M. Moore of Farmers Valley was in town Sunday.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on two 25 cent bottles or boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommended as a tonic and blood purifier. Sold liquid in but les and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. One package of either guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
H. C. WELLS.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm cures Others—Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

Going to buy a robe or blanket? Be sure to see Lemmler about it. 45-3t

Repair your roof. Shingles or roofing paper. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

Dr. James' Headache Powders.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

Cares and worries of life are often too much for the delicate nerve organism.

Headaches come—distracting, peace destroying headaches.—But there's a cure.

Dr. James' Headache Powders

Soothe and strengthen the irritated nerves—take away the headache almost before you know it.

No stupefying, deadening drugs. Nothing that can affect the heart.

At all Drug Stores.
4 doses 10 cents.

Cure Where Others Fail.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

The Leading JEWELER and dealer in

WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS

Having procured the services of H. M. Smith, practical watchmaker, optician and jeweler, I am prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewelry repair work and guarantee satisfaction. Bring in your watches, clocks and jewelry and get in line for the opening of our new railroad Nov. 1st.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn,
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

IKE SIMONS,

46 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

A few of our many specialties

Dent's
Gloves,
Foure's
Gloves,
Dunlap
Hats,
Hawes'
Hats.

The finest line of Suitings, Coatings and Pants ever shown in McKean county and the lowest prices.

DON'T FORGET

That our shoes combine the three grand principles—comfort, neatness and style. The price is right. Be sure to come here for stylish footwear, &c.

YOUR FEET

Need your attention in this weather. We keep a fine line of overshoes, rubbers, rubber boots, &c. Repairing receives prompt attention. We want your trade.

Anderson & Carlson,
Boots and Shoes, Overshoes, Rubber Boots, Repairing, Etc.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Lilgendahl's Shop

Is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

The Blacksmithing Department

Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses' feet enables us to do horseshoeing in a scientific manner.

The Wagon and Paint Shops

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

C. W. Lilgendahl,
Mechanic Street.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

New Term

AT THE

Rochester Business Institute
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Business, Shorthand, and English Courses.

New 1899-1900 catalogue sent to those interested.

The R. B. I. "Automobile," an "up-to-date" vehicle, representing an "up-to-date" school, carries greeting to patrons and prospective students.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

J. S. McCarthy, Propr.

ALL KINDS OF
FRESH & SALT MEATS.
FRESH LINE OF
CHOICEST GROCERIES.
Vegetables and Oysters in Season.
OPP. DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Bell Brothers,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Pretty Plaids for Separate Skirts.

Sale of plaid skirtings way beyond our expectations. The fact is, the trade is crazy for plaids, but they want the right kind. Striking styles, not the kind that have no tone. That's the reason we have sold so many. If you want the real swell thing you should buy of us.

Golf Capes.

What a rush! It is not our fault that we cannot supply the trade. The manufacturers of the golf plaid materials are the ones to blame, but this mild weather has enabled them to catch up with their orders. Now we are showing an attractive line at $10.00, $12.50 and $15 00. All very desirable styles.

Morris Chairs on Sale in the Furniture Department.

By the way, we have just received eight white enamel dressers, first we have had in a week. There has been so much call, and we forget who wants them. This notice will suffice to buyers.

New Line of Back Combs, Handsome New Jewelry, New Toques for the Children.

A Special Trim of Pretty Hats for $4.75.

Bell Brothers,
The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

Something New In Watches.

The New Four Hundred, the smallest American watch made, and will keep good time. We put these movements in a fine 14 k filled case, guaranteed for 20 years, and are selling them for a short time only for $15.00. We have a fine line of watches, diamonds, clocks, silverware, cut glass and a general line of fine jewelry. Scientific examination of the eyes free.

Give us a call.

C. H. ROBIE,

The Leading Jeweler.
143 Union St., - Olean.

Cash Bargain Day,

Saturday, Nov. 11,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

4 lb pkg Gold dust for 18c.

4 lb pkg Soap Foam for 17c.

Eagle tomatoes 10c can straight

Hearts Delight tomatoes, not quite so good, 3 for 25c.

Best No. 2 lanterns at 65c.

3 lb cans Boston baked beans 10c.

Our own Baking Powder, pound cans 18c.

Full pint bottles of Royal salad dressing 45c.

All sizes in Children's & Misses' Cloaks yet in stock. Nice line to select from.

10 bars Red Star soap for 25c.

Golden Sheaf spring wheat patent flour. Equal to any spring wheat flour on the market. Will sell to-day at $1 15 per sack.

Young Hyson tea to-day only 20c lb.

Any of Heinz 25c size bottle of pickles to-day 19c bottle.

We have a few Ladies' Coats left over. Prices from $6 to $10. Will close them out your choice for only $3 to-day.

Fleece lined underwear at rare bargains.

J. COLEGROVE.

AUCTION!

In order to reduce the immense stock of

Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods

purchased for this season's business, I will offer the same at Auction, commencing

SATURDAY EVEN'G, Nov. 4, at 7:30,

and continue Each Evening Until Same is Sold.

I am over-stocked and the goods must go. Not a single garment of my immense stock will be reserved from this sale, and everything guaranteed exactly as represented by Mr. King.

SPECIAL SALE

of the best

Ladies' Shoes and Children's Suits

on

SATURDAY, NOV. 11, AT 3 P. M.

Ladies Especially Invited.

W. T SEGER,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT, PA.

The Miner Job Department

IS ALWAYS THE LEADER IN

artistic printing

First Fall Chat

For the approaching Fall and Winter season our exhibit of attractive novelties in men's and young men's apparel will be the largest and most diversified ever shown in this market.

New Features in Suits and Overcoats.

If you have never seen our clothing, convince yourself of its merits by obtaining the opinions of any of the recognized leaders in style in Smethport.

Respectfully Yours,
H. W. Rubin & Co.
Smethport, Penna.

Insect Powder	Hellibore
London Purple	Paris Green
Whale Oil Soap	Copperas
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TO A DIAMOND.

Thou thing of beauty, with a soul of fire!
In some old eastern harem long ago
Didst thou adorn the favorite's hand of snow?
Or did some dark Egyptian queen desire
Thy brilliant flash along her stringed lyre,
While her low lidded gaze swept proud and slow
The valley where the Nile's deep waters flow?
Or did some beloved of thy beauty tire?

It matters not. Heart queens have come and gone.
Harlots have triumphed and have been forgot.
The rose of power has withered on the vine!
Yet oh, most beautiful! it is thy lot
In radiant splendor to go flashing on—
In beauty deathless and in light divine!
—Ella Higginson in Woman's Home Companion.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

From the Year 1899 In Central Park He Steps Back to Ancient Times In Egypt.

We entered Central park from Fifty-ninth street.

"We must get to the obelisk as soon as possible," said Ina. "The hieroglyphics are so much clearer just before they are entirely in shadow."

We quickened our steps.

"You know I am not so interested in hieroglyphics," I said smiling, "as I am interested in enigmas." She looked up quickly. "In you, for instance."

She turned away.

"Hurry!" she said. "We are late now, I am sure."

When at last we faced the eastern side of the needle the sun was almost to the line. The shadows in the markings made them deep and distinct.

"On the other sides the inscriptions have been somewhat effaced by time and exposure," she explained. "These are more interesting."

We rested on the benches while she indicated some of the different characters and translated. Her cheeks burned with enthusiasm.

"What a strange girl you are, Ina!" I complained. "You care more for the myths of the past than the realities of the present."

She did not seem to hear.

"Or for [illegible] of the future," I added in a whisper.

She looked straight [illegible] at the obelisk and [illegible]. Her profile against the [illegible] startled me. I had not noticed before how perfectly Egyptian it was. I was going to refer to this, but something in her manner made me [illegible]. Presently she spoke.

"I have always had a fascination for these things," she said earnestly. "I cannot remember when it began. My father encouraged it and helped me."

She pointed to the scarred monument that was now in the shadow and dark against the May sky. "It is called Cleopatra's needle," she continued, "but it was much earlier. It is said to have been built in honor of a princess of the eleventh dynasty. It has also been said that her mummied remains are yonder." She indicated the Metropolitan galleries. "I hope it is true. It would be beautiful if it were. We will go over there."

"Later, Ina," I protested. "The air is so fine. Let us enjoy it a little. We can stop as we return."

She rose resignedly and we walked leisurely northward to where the park is more wooded and quiet. I endeavored to lead her around to the subject nearest my heart. But she seemed silent—almost inattentive. Yet she had never opposed my suit. She had been only indifferent.

We passed a little spring and pausing, drank out of a small hunting cup I carried. A step farther on we found a rustic seat. I fancied that a tender look had come into her face, and encouraged by it, I urged her to give me some assurance of regard. It was very peaceful there and we were shut in by overhanging boughs. Presently I took her hand. As I did so a queer looking beetle dropped from the branches above and clung tightly to my sleeve. Ina gave a faint cry of surprise.

"Oh," she said, "how strange! It looks exactly like—I believe it is really"—

"What is, Ina?" I asked pettishly. "Some new and wonderful specimen of the insect tribe?"

"No," she answered wonderingly, "an old one, a scarabaeus, the sacred heart scarab of Egypt."

"Impossible, Ina," I laughed. "Your enthusiasm deceives you."

"No, no! It is a scarab. I am sure of it," she insisted. "The only emblem of reincarnation, of eternal life. Oh, don't let it escape! Catch it!"

The strange insect had started to crawl away. I have an inherited horror of all reptiles and beetles, but what would I not do for Ina? I seized the creature firmly with my thumb and fingers and held it fast. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain that shot up through my arm like fire. I dropped the insect with a cry.

"Ah! It has bitten me!"

Ina looked startled and concerned.

"Where?" she cried. "Let me see."

I turned my thumb toward her. There were two minute drops of blood issuing, as from the punctures of a needle. My arm was becoming numb with pain. I must have been pale, for she looked at me keenly.

"Give me the cup, quick. I will get you some water."

I remember handing her the little hunting cup and of seeing her hasten away. Then a weariness seemed to weigh upon my lids, and I plunged into darkness. A moment later I recovered consciousness and opened my eyes.

Ina was standing before me. No, not Ina—Ino-firte, the Egyptian.

I was seated by the gates of a palace temple. About us the waving palms. Beyond them the cobalt sky of Egypt. Far away across a shimmering waste of brown sand, the Sphinx gazed on over the desert as it had done for more than a thousand years. Even in my wretchedness I could not but notice the rare setting it all made for Ino-firte. She was attired in the royal dress of her rank. How beautiful she was! She came a step closer.

"Do not urge me farther," she pleaded. "I am already bowed low with my burden. It but makes our parting harder. I have only come for the last time to tell you. I have prayed to Isis, our sweet Isis, to show me a way by which I might cleave to you, you whose people have destroyed our sacred temples and brought slavery and disgrace upon our Egypt. I have prayed to her and made rare sacrifices, but she is silent. A princess of Egypt may not wed with the Hyksos, the shepherds. My hand would wither if I gave it to you, my love become as venom."

I ventured to protest, but she motioned me to silence.

"Do not speak. I cannot bear it! Tonight I shall pray to the Sphinx for peace, forgetfulness, a place where I may hide myself apart and die. I, a princess of Egypt, who have loved one of the hated race, am willing to die because of it. And when I am dead you will stand by my bier and know that I was faithful. And when I am wrapped in sweet balms and spices for the sepulcher you will bring the sacred scarabaeus and place it upon my heart. Through it we shall live again somewhere, some time. The years of waiting may be long, but they will pass, and perhaps then the gods will be more kind."

Her arms were about my neck for a moment. Then she slipped from my embrace and I could not follow her.

* * * * * * *

Night in Egypt. The heavens swarming with stars and the desert flooded with moonlight. The white sand sinks away from my feet, making no sound. I hasten onward toward the blending of desert and sky, in where, outlined against the horizon, those same distances stare out over the drifting sands of centuries. Ino-firte is there. She has said that tonight she will go there to pray. To all else I am oblivious, blind. My feet are winged, yet the way seems long. By and by I step into a field of dark. My footsteps slacken, pause. I am in the shadow of the Sphinx.

I creep closer and listen. From between the great stone paws comes a low sound. It is the voice of Ino-firte praying. The words arise clear and distinct on the still moonlit air.

"O Sphinx," she moans, "Thou hast looked down upon our Egypt for a thousand years! Thou who hast remained forever changeless through our glory and our shame. Who didst behold my sweet infancy, my happy girlhood, look down and pity me tonight in my sorrow. And O Sphinx, if thou hast the power, I pray thee to send me peace. Forgetfulness! If thou wilt, death! Send me oblivion, O Sphinx! But take not away my love! Let it but smolder in my senseless dust till the light of some far off sunrise shall reawaken this stricken life."

The voice dies away. I creep closer. There is a faint startled cry from the supplicant. Again I pause. She has heard me. No, for she is praying again. I listen.

"O Sphinx!" she cries joyously, "swiftly hast thou answered my prayer. I thank thee! I thank thee!"

What can she mean? I wait breathlessly and listen, but there is only a faint sigh. Then my own name mingled with that of Isis. I step forward. I cannot bear it.

"Ino-firte!"

There is no answer. Prostrate she lies on the sand between the mighty stone paws. I hesitate a moment and call again. Then I approach and touch her lightly.

"Ino-firte!"

Suddenly I start back quickly. Just in the shadow of her bare arm are two wavering emerald stars. Then hissing softly an asp starts to glide back into the shadow. Now it is all clear. I stretch forth my hand to the reptile.

"Stop!" I cry. "It is for both!"

Again the sharp pain in my thumb shoots up my arm like fire.

* * * * * * *

Some one was bathing my face and calling my name tenderly. I opened my eyes. It was Ina—my Ina—with the little hunting cup in her hand.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" she exclaimed, and looked at me beseechingly. "I did not find the spring right away and when I came back just now with the water you were unconscious and talking strangely. Oh, I hope that horrid beetle bite has not poisoned you."

"On the contrary," I smiled, "the pain has almost entirely gone, and I would endure far greater suffering for this. I have waited for it so long."

By and by we walked back toward the museum together. She did not remind me of my promise, but our steps bent in that direction. We entered and passed into the Egyptian room. Her hand lay tenderly upon my arm.

"She for whom the obelisk was built lies here," said Ina.

We approached one of the glass inclosures wherein lay a richly decorated cartonnage and the embalmed remains of a woman. Together we passed along to the end of the case. Then I hardly refrained from crying out. On a little black placard was painted in white letters the name, Ino-firte.

Ina looked up at me inquiringly.

"You must have heard the story," she said. "It is the name you spoke up there unconsciously."

"Yes," I answered. "It comes back to me now. But it was all so long ago I had forgotten."—Black and White.

SHOOTING OUT THE LIGHTS.

An Occasion When the Old Ranchman Saw the Trick Done.

"According to western stories," said a former ranchman, "one of the favorite amusements of frontier desperadoes is shooting out the lights. I never saw it done but once, but the incident made sufficient impression on my mind to last me for life. It was at Benson, a small camp on the old Stake Plain trail in northeastern New Mexico. I was staying there over night with a couple of cattlemen, and we naturally gravitated to the only resort in town, a sort of combination of bar and gambling house in a rough one story building containing a good sized [illegible].

"The bar was on one side, and on the other were two or three Mexican monte tables, over each of which were several large coal oil lamps in wall brackets. In the center of the place was a chandelier containing three lamps, altogether giving a great deal of light. We were sitting at one side, smoking and talking, when in rushed a half a dozen drunken cowboys headed by a well known ranchman named Bill Wells.

"They were all out for excitement and didn't care how they got it. They took several drinks and then clustered around one of the monte tables. In a few minutes Wells insisted upon making a bet over the limit, to which the dealer objected. 'If you don't turn for that bet, I'll shoot out your blankety blank lights,' howled the ranchman. 'The limit is forty dollars,' said the Mexican dealer, and the words were no sooner out of his mouth than Wells and his gang pulled their six shooters and began blazing away at the lamps.

"About a dozen shots were fired and almost in the twinkling of an eye the place was in complete darkness. Of course there was a stampede, but I remember being surprised that I had heard no crash of glass. Half an hour later I went back and found the place lit up as brightly as ever, Wells and his cowboys having been taken away by friends. The roof was full of holes, but not a single lamp had been hit. What had put them out was the concussion of the shots in a confined space."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

An Unsought Pardon.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said gravely: "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out!"—Youth's Companion.

Just In Time.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Highmus' residence?"

"Yes."

"Is that you, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Everybody else at the office has gone. I want to talk to you a little, dear."

"Sh! Don't you know the girl at the central office is listening?"

"Darkness, I was going to say, may come on before I get around this evening. It's a nice day, isn't it? Well, goodby."—Chicago Tribune.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As I remember the first sweet touch
Of those beautiful hands that I loved so much
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow,
As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands!
Could you reach out from the alien lands
Where you are lingering and give me tonight
Only a touch, were it ever so light,
My heart were soothed and my weary brain
Would lull itself to rest again,
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the sweet caress of your beautiful hands.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

MY ENGAGEMENT.

When a Man Changes His Girl, He Had Better Notify His Jeweler.

We have all, I suppose, in our lives made blunders—little blunders, big blunders and so forth till one reaches the pitch of irretrievable blunder—and I have just escaped from the consequences of one that for the moment was likely to prove irretrievable.

I was—I had foolishly allowed myself to be fascinated by Miss Strangerford—yes, fascinated is, I think, just the word to meet the case.

Phyllis is a dear, quite a dear, and for a time I submit that I was tottering on the brink. I believe, as a matter of fact, that I did propose once or twice, but of course I knew she'd say "no." She's so sensible. But for one awful, terrible moment at the time I'm going to tell you about I thought she was going to forget herself and say "yes."

You see, the truth is one is a little bit afraid of Miss Strangerford. Everything will seem to be going swimmingly, and you think you're getting on quite well and being rather clever and all that, and then you look up and you see a something in her eyes which sobers you down again. It's in her eyes. Somewhere right at the back of them there's a kind of glistening twinkle that makes you feel that you're a fool.

Now Laura is not like that. She is clever and knows all about books, music and Ibsen, and she hardly ever smiles. But Miss Strangerford just sits curled up in her chair and chatters about nothing in particular, and says funny things which make you laugh, and dresses very smartly, and even sometimes smokes cigarettes, and yet directly one begins to talk about deeper subjects she stays quite quiet and keeps that funny look in her eyes, for all the world as if she was laughing at you to herself.

Last summer down on the river we got on awfully well at first. It was later on that I came to the conclusion that it would be a mistake to carry matters further, and as she had just—well, not exactly refused, but put me off for the second time, I thought it better to let the matter drop.

Then I met Laura. Laura adores music halls. She says that she thinks the color scheme of the ballet most instructive and has come to the conclusion that it is unconsciously based on the primitive principles of color music. I am sure she's right. I like them myself.

I saw a good deal of her after that dinner, and last week we practically became engaged. Naturally I wanted to give her some souvenir to commemorate the day—not the ordinary, vulgar ring, but something with latent meaning in it. Laura is great on latent meanings, so I knew she would appreciate it.

On the morning after the engagement I went to Somerton, the jeweler's, and explained what I wanted. Dickson, their head man, spotted the idea at once.

"You want something with a pretty sentiment in it—something original."

I couldn't think of anything myself, but he showed me a design which he declared would be just the thing. It was a sort of brooch with two hearts—one a ruby and one a diamond. The ruby was supposed to be mine, because Dickson explained that it signified passion and devotion. The two big stones were bound together with a true lover's knot in diamonds—a copy of an old pattern, he assured me, and very pretty it looked. I gave him my card to slip into the box when it was sent home.

"What inscription, sir?" he asked as I was leaving the shop.

Of course directly he asked me that I was stuck. So I just told him to put on the usual sort of thing and to send it to the young lady at once, together with my card.

Two days later among my morning's letters I received a note from Miss Strangerford asking me to go to tea. I had intended going to see Laura, but on getting a telegram to put me off decided to go and see Phyllis.

I was shown into her boudoir and found her as usual curled up in an armchair smoking a cigarette. It struck me that she was looking extremely pretty, and for one fleeting second I almost wished—that Laura smoked.

Also if Laura has a fault—which, mind you, I am not prepared to admit—still if she has a fault it is that she has quaint ideas on the subject of hair dressing. Now, Phyllis is always beautifully coiffé.

For my part I felt a little uncomfortable, but Miss Phyllis was not in the slightest degree discomposed. There was another man there, and he glared at me a little, but I treated him with deserved contempt. After about ten minutes of desultory chatter he took himself off.

Miss Phyllis watched the door close behind him and then suddenly turning to me she stretched out her hand and said:

"My dear Gerald, how can I thank you?"

I confess that I was considerably taken aback.

"I think," continued Phyllis, without noticing my surprise, "that you are the most generous and forgiving person in the world."

"I was afraid," said I, "that you were offended with me, but you are not, are you, since you've asked me to come?"

"Offended!" said Miss Phyllis. "My dear Gerald, whatever made you think that? You're a dear. See, I've got it on."

I did see, and to my horror I realized for the first time that the glistening object which I had been admiring so much in Phyllis' chiffon was the brooch I had ordered for Laura.

"That," I gasped, "is a little memento of our—of my engagement!"

"Yes," said Phyllis, smiling. "I consider myself really engaged now."

"You don't mean to say," I stammered, "that you"—

"Oh, but I do!" she interrupted. "Really, really I do!" And her eyes sparkled.

"There is a mistake somewhere," I explained confusedly. "I—that is, you—I mean I am engaged."

"Naturally," said Miss Phyllis, raising her eyebrows. "We are both engaged—isn't it splendid?"

"But," I managed to ejaculate at last with more force than politeness, "I'm engaged to some one else, not to you."

This speech, blunt and plain enough in its way, seemed to afford Phyllis quite unconcerned. She curled herself up more tightly in her chair and quivered with suppressed [illegible].

"Don't you understand?" [illegible] "I am engaged to Miss [illegible] Laura Keyesly, and—I [illegible] awfully sorry, but that was [illegible] mistake."

Phyllis managed to subdue her laughter.

"My dear Gerald, please don't look like that," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes with an absurd little pocket handkerchief. "You needn't look so woebegone, even if you did think I was going to accept you. I promise not to marry you. Can't you see? You went into Somerton's and ordered this brooch and told them to send it direct to the lady's house.

"It never seemed to have occurred to you to mention her name, and as they had made something for me at your order in ages past they naturally concluded that this was for me too, and sent it on by a messenger with your card. I knew it was a mistake, so I sent my maid down to inquire. It was not difficult to guess the truth."

"Oh!" said I lamely.

"There, there, you are, you silly boy," she said, holding out the brooch. "Run away to Laura with it and forgive me for playing a practical joke on you, but you did look such a picture of dismay!"

"Won't you keep it, please?" said I humbly. "I ought to pay a penalty for my stupidity."

"It's awfully good of you, Gerald, and it's very pretty, but I don't know that I ought to. I've been engaged since Wednesday, you see, to Captain Mahon."

"The very thing!" I cried, turning to the inscription on the back. "I was engaged on Wednesday, too; see, here's the date."

Phyllis looked.

"It does seem to fit it nicely," she said. "May I really keep it?"

"Please do," said I, "and if he says anything tell him it was a premature Christmas offering."

I am glad the mistake happened after all, for I am very fond of Phyllis. And—well, Captain Mahon, or whatever his name is, is a very lucky man.—Home Chat.

FIGS GO TO COURT.

And Prove the Most Effective Witnesses In a Damage Suit.

An English solicitor was defending a fruit broker in an action brought for the recovery of $100, the price paid for a consignment of figs which the plaintiff declared to be unfit for human food. The defense alleged that although moderately discolored by salt water, as the plaintiff knew when he bought them, the figs were perfectly wholesome. The figs were in court.

The plaintiff, a coster who conducted his own case, was skillfully cross examined. The trial was obviously going against him, and once or twice he retorted so hotly that the judge threatened to commit him for contempt.

At length the coster grew desperate and, turning to the opposing counsel, hoarse and perspiring, he said:

"Look here, guv'nor, you say them figs are good to eat, and I say they ain't. That's all there is between us, ain't it? Now, s'elp me, if you'll eat two of them figs and you ain't sick immediately afterward I'll lose my case."

The judge at once saw the propriety of this suggestion and asked the lawyer what he proposed to do.

"Your honor is trying this case, not I," was the reply.

"No, no! The offer is made to you," said the judge.

A hurried consultation took place. Counsel suggested that it was the solicitor's duty to submit to the experiment. The solicitor refused. The broker himself was then asked if he would risk it.

"What will happen to me if I don't?" said he.

"You'll lose the case," replied both his legal advisers.

"Then," said he hurriedly, "lose the case, lose the case!" And so he did.—Youth's Companion.

Mosquitoes In England.

English people will tell you that in their happy isle there are no such things as mosquitoes. One gets pretty well used to this kind of talk, but in this particular instance the boast holds good, or rather did hold good until the last few years. It is not alone dollars that the summer tourist has brought to London. Mosquitoes have been imported, and they have distressed the British more than the American visitors. Probably the name is a potent one to conjure with, and some idea of what terrible things are expected of mosquitoes may be learned from this simple tale of the north country. Some miners in remote workings of a Yorkshire colliery reported to the superintendent that they had been much annoyed by the bites of mosquitoes. He went down to see about it and found a large and energetic colony of yellow banded wasps—"yaller jackets," if you like that better.—Ainslee's Magazine.

How to Sit In a Hansom.

We have borrowed many things from the English. One is the accepted method of getting into and out of a cab. The novice in hansom cab driving gets in as she would into a victoria, coupe or other American equipage and seats herself on the far side, leaving room for her companion or escort to be seated by her side next to the curb on entering. Not so the woman who has had her hansom education in London or in an English environment. She seats herself where she enters—that is, at the curb—and her escort is obliged to crawl by her to get to his place. Where we turn to the right in driving, the continental method is to turn to the left, and vice versa, which probably accounts for this method of transplanted misdirection which we follow in riding in a hansom.—New York Herald.

The Way Out.

"So you refuse to give me the money?" said the prodigal son.

"Not another cent do you get," replied the stern parent.

"Then here goes," said the youth as he seized a silver mounted pistol from his father's desk.

"Unhappy boy!" cried the old man. "Would you take your life?"

"No," replied the son. "I'm going to loan this to my 'uncle.'"—Chicago News.

Up to the New Standard.

"I understand you are looking for a servant," said the girl.

"Oh, dear, no," answered the lady of the house. "When I was first married I was foolish enough to occasionally look for a servant, but I got over that. I'm looking for a general supervisor of the household now."—Chicago Post.

Safely Stowed Away.

Mamma—Willie, did you eat that jam?

Willie—Why, mamma, I heard the rats in the closet, an I jest thought I'd move it out of their reach.—Philadelphia American.

"A great many people," says the Manayunk philosopher, "must believe there's luck in odd numbers, judging by the way they look out for No. 1."—Philadelphia Record.

How to Prevent a Cold.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails and will prevent pneumonia and consumption if taken in time. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Dr. H. H. Haden, Summit, Ala., says, "I think Kodol Dyspepsia Cure a most excellent medicine. I prescribe it and my confidence in it grows with continued use. It digests what you eat and quickly cures dyspepsia and indigestion." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

[illegible] the material [illegible]. Brooms are made from the [illegible] brush of the broom corn, a first cousin to our common field corn. And in this connection is told a very pleasant little fairy story concerning Benjamin Franklin. "Poor Richard," by the way, seems to have been about the biggest jack of all trades that ever helped the United States to become the richest and most powerful nation of the world. If this story is true he is the patron saint of the housewife and the broommaker as well as a kite-flier, lightning catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, statesman and other things "too numerous to mention."

Broom corn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Dr. Franklin was examining a whisk broom that had been brought over from England in the days before we had any broom corn of our own. He found a single seed on the broom, picked it off, planted it and raised a stalk of corn from which is descended, so to speak, all of the broom corn of the United States.

However this may be, broom corn grows much like its first cousin, or maize, which originated here. The head is larger, however, and the seeds grow on the head instead of in ears. The heads are cut off, leaving about six inches of stalk, and the seeds are scraped off by a machine which does a clean job and does not injure the panicle. The seeds are valuable in a way. They are fed to horses and poultry and ground into meal for cattle. In the making of the brooms the corn is put around a handle of basswood or soft maple turned in a lathe. Each layer is wound tight with twine or wire until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat and sewed to keep it in that shape. Whisk brooms are made in the same way.—Buffalo Express.

AN EFFECT OF LIGHTNING

Damaged a Pair of Eyes That Were Large and Bright.

Through the brotherhood of affliction that comes from wearing glasses, so one of their various forms a popular official of the Rapid Transit company told in conversation the other day of a curious reason why he wore prescription helps to eyesight. "It was because I was struck by lightning," he said. "It was when I was in my teens. I sat between an open window and an open door and there was a flash. The last I can remember is a sense of having an envelope of light around me. I was picked up insensible, and those who first saw me say that smoke issued from my mouth and nose. All thought I was dead, but I slowly recovered and soon seemed to be as well as before the heavenly visitation.

"The serious effects of the shock, however, developed in my eyes. Their largeness and brilliancy had been often commended on by my friends, but these more or less desirable features had been destroyed by the electric fluid. The pupils and the irises contracted, and I found a great difficulty in my vision. An expert oculist examined the eyes and gave some scientific name to the difficulty. That's another story. I only know that I can see and am glad to be alive.

"One effect remains, however, that is rather curious. Most people who have been struck by lightning are fearful of being struck again. Not so with me. I am not nervous even in the height of an electrical storm, but I confess I am not anxious to sit in a room at such a time where there are two openings into the disturbance. That would be inviting destruction."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fair Bargain.

"Every man should learn to say 'no,'" she said, for she was a strong minded young woman and had well defined views on the temperance question. "Many a young man has been ruined because of his inability to say 'no.'"

"And every woman," he returned, "should learn to say 'yes.' Many a young man of excellent promise has been brought to that condition of mind where he is disinclined to say 'no' owing to the disinclination of some girl to say 'yes.' Let us therefore endeavor to correct our own faults. Before asking us to say 'no' you should learn to say 'yes.'"

After a few minutes given to the consideration of the question she confessed her ability to say "yes." It is just as well to hang on to a young man who is smart enough to make such fallacious arguments sound plausible.—Chicago Post.

Paved With Human Skulls.

At Gwandu, in Africa, which contains between 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants, the town, which is oval in shape, is surrounded by a palisade of tree poles, the top of every pole being crowned with a human skull. There are six gates, and the approach to each gate is laid with a pavement of human skulls, the tops being the only parts that show above ground. More than 2,000 skulls are used in the pavement leading up to each gate. The pavement is of snowy whiteness and polished to the smoothness of ivory by the daily passage of hundreds of naked feet.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Never.

Did you ever look over a book on human ailments that you could not make one of them at least fit your case even though you thought you were quite well when you began reading?—Philadelphia Times.

For Hoarseness.

Geo. A. Pontius, Upper Sandusky, O., writes: "I have been using Foley's Honey and Tar for sore throat and hoarseness and find it is the best remedy I ever tried. It stopped the cough immediately and relieved all soreness." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD,

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

PRACTICALLY A DAILY AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The striking and important events of the last year have established the overwhelming value of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD to every reader. For an almost nominal sum it has kept its subscribers informed of the progress of all our wars and moreover has reported them as promptly and fully as if it were a daily. With our interests still extending throughout the world, with our troops operating in the Philippines, and the great Presidential campaign too at hand, its value is further increased.

The motto of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD is improvement. It strives each year to be better than it was the year before, and public confidence in it is shown by the fact that it now circulates more than twice as many papers every week as any other weekly paper not a daily [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] Half a mile [illegible] could [illegible] for descending perpendicularly down to the unknown. In that hole there is nothing. It is empty. The neighbors say a stone dropped into it is never heard of again. These good people, though, are not given to throwing in many, even when the protecting person is there on his rounds. They gravely suspect a too free indulgence might prove an annoyance to an irritable personage whom they would rather not see on their level in that part of the world and whose visits in anger they would be loath to receive.

Though this hole is empty, there is another, somewhat larger, close to it which is not empty. This other is full of water almost up to the brim, and it has upon it a floating island of grass which shifts from side to side with every change of the wind. To find further examples of the same sort of thing it is necessary to go 600 miles northward, well into the hot districts in the tropics.

Boers say of this second pit they have endeavored to sound it, using 12 dozen rawhide thongs fastened end to end, a line say of 300 fathoms, with a big stone as sinker, but without striking bottom. The sinker and line at the lowest were pulled sharply away to the side, as if a strong current were running below. Upon that they ceased to investigate further. You see they were meddling in things which didn't concern them and risking encounters with powers best left alone. So how deep it may be we do not know yet. Some day a bolder spirit may tell us.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lighting a Cigar.

According to an observant Philadelphian whose business is to sell cigars, the careless smoker is largely responsible for the big dividends match manufacturers enjoy.

"Just watch it any time," he remarked a few days ago, "and see if I am not correct. The average smoker of a cigar will talk or think regardless of his weed until it goes out. Then he will suddenly discover the absence of the fire which makes a cigar enjoyable. Out from his pocket comes a match, and in an instant it has been struck and the lighted match is placed against the cigar end.

"In his earnest effort another light, however, the smoker has in nine cases out of ten forgotten to knock the ashes off his weed. As a result the flame from the match fails to penetrate the ash heap, and the match flame doesn't cut any figure. I've seen it so many times that I don't believe it can any more. But it must be funny to casual onlookers. After this, when your cigars go out before they are consumed, be sure and knock the ashes off before trying to relight them. Then you will stand a fair chance of securing another light and at the same time put a kink in the profits of the matchmakers."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mme. Patti's Substitute.

To some persons a poor singer may be better than no singer at all, but the least musical person cannot fail to perceive the irony of the situation described below.

One who was traveling in the north of Ireland, an Englishman of letters, chanced upon a small town which to his surprise he found extensively billed with announcements of a concert at which Mme. Patti was to appear.

The price of admission to the back of the hall being the extremely moderate one of threepence, he hastened to secure a seat. After a long interval of waiting the manager stepped forward remarking:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that Mme. Patti is unable to appear tonight. In order, however, to save you from disappointment, I have arranged that Miss Arabella Jones of our town of Ballyslackguthery shall favor you with a song."—Youth's Companion.

Naming Children In Japan.

The custom in naming children in Japan is for the parents on the [illegible] tenth day after its birth to take the child to the temple they attend, and the father gives three names to the priest, who writes each on a piece of paper. These are then shuffled about with certain incantations and thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the one chosen. This is then written by the priest on a consecrated piece of paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The child then receives certain gifts, two of which are important. If a boy, two fans are presented. If a girl, a pot of pomade, and in each case a packet of flax thread is added, which signifies good wishes and a long life.

High Standard.

Son—I hope, governor, that when I attain to your years I'll know more than you do.

Father—I'll go you one better. I do dear boy, and hope that when you reach my age you'll know as much as you think you know now.—Boston Courier.

What a Well Known Railroad Man and Resident of Chas. This Thinks of Foley's Kidney Cure

"I have been troubled a great deal with kidney [illegible]. I was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure, and one bottle entirely relieved me. I gladly recommend it to anyone, especially my friends among the trainmen, who are usually similarly afflicted." Geo. H. Hausan, engineer on [illegible]. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Take grippe with its after effects annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

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New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

An Observing Puppy.

A [illegible] writes from [illegible] [illegible]

"I have a bulldog [illegible] and a bulldog [illegible] which live in the house and are pets. A short time ago my wife was ill, and though the older dog, owing to his quiet and sedate ways, was allowed to enter her room, the puppy was never admitted. The nurse could always tell which dog was at the door, because the older dog gave one single and gentle scratch and then remained quiet, while the puppy scratched violently and frequently and whined. The puppy apparently could not understand why she was not admitted and felt her exclusion sorely.

"One day she scratched furiously as usual. [illegible] she was heard going up and down stairs. In a few minutes the single gentle scratch of the old dog was heard, the door was opened, and there were both dogs, and strange to say from that time the puppy so imitated the scratch of the older dog that it was impossible to tell which was at the door. Evidently the puppy went and asked the old dog to show her how he gained admission. How else can one explain the fact?"

It Didn't Fill the Bill.

"Here's a poem on 'Our Daily Bread.'"

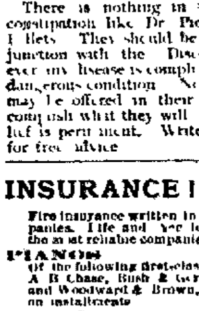
"Cut it out. What we want on our daily bread is butter."—Atlanta Constitution.

As a Doornail.

Sunday School Teacher—In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?

The Quiet Boy—Dead, sir!—Ally Sloper.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.



RETURNING YOUTH

"I am seventy years young," said Oliver Wendel Holmes when they asked his age. True enough. He was young, because his heart was young, his step was firm, his eye was bright, his laugh was clear and merry, his appetite was good and above all—so was his digestion.

No man should be old before his time because of a weak stomach, sluggish liver, shaky nerves and flabby muscles. There is no need of it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures these things. It brings back youth to the feeble because it brings back keen appetite and good digestion. It tones up the liver, puts oxygen and life into the blood, and solid strength into the flesh and muscles. It contains no alcohol to inebriate or create a morbid appetite or craving for stimulants.

"I have never felt better in my life than I do now," says Charles B. Brewck, of Lenox, Mich., in a remarkable letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. "I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery right along. I can walk quite well with a cane and hope to throw [illegible] that away before [illegible] and I as I have had to for the past two years. I think I [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] like a school boy. I think I will have to change my mind. I also [illegible] Medicines [illegible] ever had much faith [illegible] [illegible] what I have been treated in [illegible] by three [illegible] received no benefit. I think your medicine is the only medicine for me."

There is nothing in the world for constipation like Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They should be taken in conjunction with the "Discovery" when ever any disease is complicated with this dangerous condition. Nothing else that may be offered in their place will accomplish what they will. And their relief is permanent. Write to Dr. Pierce for free advice.

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C. A. BURDICK.

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A VITALIZING TONIC FOR THE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM

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Time Table taking effect [illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

6 01 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for [illegible] [illegible] Sunday [illegible] [illegible] Butler and Pittsburg.

10 45 A. M.—Daily except Sunday, for Crosby, [illegible] Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

1 40 P. M.—Express, daily except Sunday, for [illegible] Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua [illegible] [illegible] Pittsburg and [illegible] at Kane [illegible] Mt. Jewett at Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for [illegible] Warren, Corry, Erie, [illegible] City and Erie.

5 L. P. M.—Mail and Express, daily for Crosby, [illegible] Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and daily except Sunday for Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with train to [illegible] R. R. for Salamanca, Olean, [illegible] Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport at [illegible] a. m. and [illegible] p. m. daily except Sunday, and at [illegible] a. m. and [illegible] p. m. daily.

JNO. C. McKINNA,
Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Bradford, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Time Table takes effect Monday, [illegible] 1899.

EASTWARD			STATIONS	WESTWARD		
A M	A M	P M	Ar. Dp.	A M	P M	A M
[illegible]	7 18	2 10	Ulysses	[illegible]	2 30	[illegible]
[illegible]	7 10	1 50	Crowell	7 41	2 28	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Carpenter	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7 05	1 38	Perkins	7 45	12 44	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Newfield Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 45	Newfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	6 54	1 41	Gold	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	6 49	1 35	Raymond	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 26	Seven Bridges	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	6 35	1 21	Colesburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 14	Franks	[illegible]	13 2	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 05	North Coudersport	[illegible]	13 31	[illegible]
[illegible]	6 15	1 00	Dp. Coudersport Ar	8 6	3 08	1 00
P M	A M					P M
[illegible]	[illegible]	12 53	Ar. Coudersport Dp	8 41	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	12 9	Hammond	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Knowlton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	12 0	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	12 22	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Chemical Works	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7 02	11 10	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
P M	P M	P M	Dep. Arrive	A M	P M	P M

† Flag Stations. ◦ Trains do not stop. ‡ Telegraph Station.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American people has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast to-day, with faith in its teachings and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE — WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

In effect [illegible]

Trains leave Smethport [illegible] for [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford [illegible] as follows:

Buffalo Express [illegible]
Buffalo Mail [illegible]
Local for [illegible]
Train leaving [illegible] at Olean with [illegible]
Salamanca [illegible]

For Clermont at [illegible]

[illegible] Clermont [illegible]

For Larrabee, Port Allegany [illegible]

Mail daily [illegible]

Get Time Tables [illegible]

A. & WORRELL, T. K. [illegible]

J. A. FELLOWS [illegible]
General offices [illegible] Main and [illegible] Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION. TIME TABLE. In effect May [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 25 a. m.—Train 4 week days, for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore 6 [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor cars from [illegible] to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3 55 p. m.—Train 8 week days, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10 30 p. m.—Train 4 daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible], New York [illegible] a. m. week days [illegible], Washington [illegible]. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD

5 10 a. m.—Train [illegible] week days for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

10 5 a. m.—Train [illegible] daily for Erie and intermediate points.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 15 week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

[illegible]

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

NORTH Week Days A. M. Lv.	STATIONS
[illegible]	Ridgway
[illegible]	Johnsonburg
10	Herzog
[illegible]	Glen Hazel
[illegible]	Straight
[illegible]	Instanter
[illegible]	Smith's Run
[illegible]	Woodvale
10 43	Clermont
A. M.	

Connections are made with trains at Johnsonburg at [illegible]; at Ridgway with trains at 2 [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.

[illegible] Gen'l [illegible]

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh

THE SHORT LINE

On and after Oct. [illegible] trains will leave [illegible] between Buffalo, Rochester, Pittsburg [illegible] way. Bullion, Punxsutawney [illegible] and the Coal and Lumber Regions [illegible] will leave Bradford [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LEAVE BRADFORD—No. [illegible]

[illegible] a. m. daily [illegible] [illegible] Springville [illegible] [illegible] and Rochester [illegible] [illegible] for Springville, Buffalo, [illegible] Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—No. [illegible]

[illegible] a. m. and [illegible] p. m.—For [illegible] way, Brockwayville, DuBois [illegible] Punxsutawney [illegible]

12 41 p. m.—Pittsburg, [illegible] Mont[illegible], Ridgway, [illegible] Dayton, Craigsville, Butler [illegible]

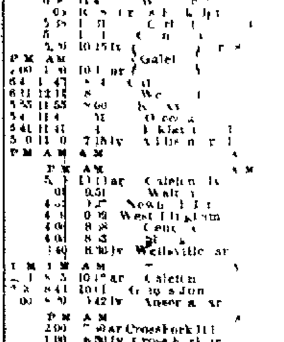
Thousand Mile Tickets [illegible] between all stations [illegible]

For time tables and full information address any of the Company's agents.

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford.

EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Rochester.

Popular Scenic Route



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R'Y.

Condensed time table in effect [illegible]

Read up [illegible]

A. M. | A. M. | P. M. [illegible]

[illegible] Galeton [illegible]

[illegible] Wellsville [illegible]

[illegible] Cross Fork [illegible]

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS

At Keating with [illegible]
At Ansonia with F. B. [illegible]
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A.
At Genesee with N. Y. & [illegible]
At Addison with Erie R. R. [illegible]
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. STORRILL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

M. J. McMAHON, Div. Pass. Agt., Galeton, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & [illegible]

Time Table No. [illegible]

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Effective Monday [illegible]

[illegible]

Lv. Buffalo Ar. [illegible] Clermont [illegible] Wilcox [illegible] Seneca [illegible] Bear Run [illegible] Coudersport [illegible] East Mar[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] General Manager, St. Marys, Pa.